The Fort Wayne Sentinel

VOL. XXVIII—NO. 185. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888. PRICE TWO CENTS

What a Dollar Will Buy.

Thirty-three yards of Lawn.

Twenty yards of Lawn.

Ten yards of the Best Pacific Lawns.

Twenty yards of Apron Ginghams.

GEORGE DEWALD AND COMPANY.

PITH AND POINT.

The time a man most needs a vacation is just after he returns from one.—*Hotel Mail.*

A ray of light travels 11,100,000 miles in a minute, and is no relation to the messenger boy.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Kansas court convicted a man of peeking into the chamber window of a newly married couple. In China they might convict a whole city of Pekin.—*Texas Siftings.*

Mankind, says an observing philosopher, is divided into two great classes: those who want to get into the papers and those who are only anxious to be kept out.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Bishop of London has risen to be a wit. As he was taking leave of a parishioner with a large family the lady said: "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to!"

"Say, mister, your dog bit me." "The deuce he did?" "Yes, and I want to know what you are going to do about it?" "Do about it? Oh, never mind. I'll give the dog an emetic and he'll get over it."—*Arcola Record.*

A combination hard to beat is the colored brother, watermelon, and Fourth of July. They blend in beautiful harmony, with the brother on the outside at the close of the day.—*La Grange (Ga.) Reporter.*

"Are you engaged," inquired a pert young lady, stepping briskly up to a Bar Harbor buckboard driver, who was lounging indolently across the front seat. "Lord, no! Are you?" was the prompt reply.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Our friends have departed to spend the summer by the seaside. We have gone as far as our means would allow, and rented a cabin in front of Billy Wells' millpond. Cheapness with cheerfulness is great gain.—*Smithville (Ga.) News.*

Rastus (a late acquisition from the cornfield, on presenting a visiting-card to his mistress)—Mum, there's two of 'em waiting at the door. Mistress—Why on earth don't you invite them in? Rastus—Sartinly, mum, you didn't want two to come in on one ticket, did you?

Mistress (to cook)—Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing. Now how do you like, say, the name of Bridget? Cook—Shure, mum, an' it's not mesilf that's particular. Oim willun to call the young leddy ony thin' yez loike.

A cow in Texas has eighteen horns. Strange as it may seem, this is considered more singular in a cow of that region than of several citizens. Lots of Texas men have been known to have as many as twenty-five or thirty horns and go right along in search of more.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"It is a curious thing in public life," said Wiggins, as he laid his newspaper on the table, "that a windy, loud-mouthed impostor often succeeds, while men of great merit are passed over." "Not at all," replied Bobley, "it's the most natural thing in the world to put the blower before the grate."

The mistress was reproving the servant for "nicking" the dishes. "There's a nick out of that blue preserve dish," she said. "It was there whin I come," apologized the girl. "No, this is a new nick," said the mistress. "Deed thin, ma'am, if you'll look ye'll see that it's the same ould Nick that's in it."

Husband (out of humor)—Well, I never saw a tooth-brush wear out like this one—only had it a week, and here the bristles are all gone, and it tastes like the dickens; I wish you'd take better care of my things. Young and inexperienced wife (pouting)—I do, and I'm sure I cleaned it thoroughly after polishing the silver with it. I did my best, and you shouldn't complain.

Southern visitors have begun to come North, though it is said that the exodus is going on more slowly and deliberately than heretofore, many families who have usually gone North set- [illegible] to the enjoyment of the very

IT IS LEPROSY.

The Death of Mrs. Helena Helverson, at Lagrand, Iowa, From That Horrible Disease.

St. Louis, Aug. 4.—A special from Legrand, Iowa, gives the particulars of the death of Helena Helverson, of that place, from Leprosy. The victim was born in Norway, twenty-one years ago. The physicians agree that the case is one of leprosy's freaks—that of skipping several generations.

The disease was obscure until last June, when it began to developed rapidly, death following yesterday. It is the second death from leprosy in Iowa. Both victims were from Norway.

HOW IT LOOKS.

Indiana is to Be Canvassed by the Independents.

New York, Aug. 4.—Mr Cleveland is still the favorite in the betting at slight odds. The republicans are talking very loudly, but are not backing their position with cash. A few small bets were made in the Morton house last evening, ranging from 100 to 90, and 100 to 85 in favor of Mr. Cleveland. The odds in favor of Governor Hill's nomination, however, are quite heavy among his more sanguine friends. One of Mr. Purroy's followers offered to lay 100 to 60 that the governor would be renominated by acclamation.

An important feature in the campaign came to light yesterday morning in a conversation which a *World* reporter had with the Rev. John D. Gaudison, of North Carolina, who is widely known as one of the best colored orators in this country. The free-whisky plank of the republican party, said Mr. Gaudison, had driven him and thousands of his race from the republican ranks. Mr. Gaudison, with Allen B. Taylor, of Georgia, and Silas W. Taylor, of Virginia, left Jersey City at 6 o'clock last night for Indiana there to begin the prohibition campaign there at once. Mr. Gaudison says there are no votes to spare in Indiana, and a deflection of the colored vote will undoubtedly defeat the republican candidate. Mr. George W. Outland a well known colored orator has also been selected by the democrats to speak to the colored people of Indiana. Mr. Outland is a graduate of Yale. Rev. Dr. Kennielow will go to Indiana to speak for the labor party in the interest of the democracy.

Mr. O'Farrell, M. P., is familiar with the political situation in this country, and says that Cleveland will certainly be re-elected. He warns his Irish countrymen not to be frightened by the cry of "Free trade and the English flag." Mr. William F. Bonelli, who is at the head of the Spanish colony in New York, was another visitor at democratic headquarters, and he assured Chairman Brice that his countrymen would "vote the democratic ticket solidly."

DEATH OF OTTO SCHMIDT.

The Well Known Music Professor Dies of Heat Prostration at Evansville.

The following telegram received explains itself.

Evasville, Ind., Aug. 3.—Prof. O. A. Schmidt, leader of the Liederkranz society of this city, was found dead at his residence this afternoon. Death was caused by heat prostration. Professor Schmidt was a prominent musician of this section of Indiana. Two other deaths in this city to-day from being overcome by heat are reported. The thermometer to-day reached the enormous figure of 103 in the shade.

Professor Schmidt was formerly a resident of Fort Wayne and leader of the Arion society.

He, who has so often delighted the people of Fort Wayne and the world with his exquisite music dies alone, in the silent night, without one chord of that sweet melody, which was the delight of his soul, to sooth his last moments; without a friendly ear to hear the last words from his lips. Professor Schmidt was born in Germany and educated in German schools. He was a profound classical scholar and linguist. He spoke seven different languages fluently. Some of these he learned in traveling. Ten years of his life was applied diligently to the study of music. After he had completed his studies he visited Egypt, where he appeared before the Khedive by request to furnish music for the royal entertainment. He journeyed up the Nile and visited the pyramids afterwards playing at the courts of Morocco, Tunis and Algiers. He visited all the chief countries of Africa and Europe and at last came to America. After traveling over a great part of this country he came to Indiana and began to teach music at Richmond, from there he came to the Fort Wayne college where he was professor of music for several years. He was the leader of the Saengerfest, held in Fort Wayne in 1885. From this city he went to Chicago where he remained over two years. From Chicago he went to Evansville, where he was director of the Leiderkranz society.

A NEW INVENTION

By Which Letters Can be Telegraphed to Distant Points in the Sender's Own Hand writing.

Washington, Aug. 4.—Prof. Elisha Gray, of Springfield, Ill., has obtained letters of a patent, dated July 31, 1888, for a combination of instruments, called telautograph, consisting of a transmitter and receiver, designed far transmitting messages by wire between distant points by the sender in his own hand-writing, thus doing away with skilled operators. The investigation is based on the discovery of a new principle controlling electricity, whereby the [illegible] current is produced. All [illegible] attempts to transmit hand- [illegible]

FOR HIS MONEY.

A Young Man is Sandbagged and Robbed at Warsaw and He May Die.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 4.—A young man by the name of Fred Nieman was sandbagged in this place, and at noon yesterday was still unable to intelligibly give an account of the affair. He was found at an early hour wandering about the streets in a semi-unconscious condition, and has remained so ever since.

The young man's friends claim that he had $60 in his possession at the time. This was taken. All he had in his pockets when discovered was a lead pencil and a revolver. Suspicions point to a couple of very tough young rascals of this place, both of whom have been in former scrapes.

A FATAL FIRE.

Eighteen Persons Roasted to Death by the Burning of a Six Story Building in New York City.

New York, Aug. 4.—A six story brick building near the Bowery was burned yesterday afternoon and eighteen persons perished in the flames.

The first, second, third and fourth floors were used as tailoring shops by four different firms who employed nearly 100 men and women in the manufacture of cloaks. All the employes were Polish Jews. The building, which was filled with inflamable material, burned fiercely and rapidly, and by the time the firemen reached the scene, it was a roaring furnace.

Many of the affrighted inmates rushed to the windows, and jumped from the third and fourth story windows, only to receive broken limbs or heads. Many were overcome by smoke before the fire reached them, and were unconscious while their bodies were being burned to a crisp.

"HELLO! HELLO!"

A. J. Enyart, Manager of the Telephone Exchange, is Missing.

Mr. A. J. Enyart, manager of the telephone exchange, is missing and the affairs of the exchange are in the hands of Mr. Wilson, who came from Chicago to occupy the vacant chair.

Mr. Wilson said that Mr. Enyart had been absent a week. His mail accumulated and the business suffered, until the Chicago office was notified.

Mr. Enyart has with him money belonging to the company and its valuable papers, but whether for safe keeping or a summer campaign, it is not stated.

"I want him and want him bad," said Mr. Wilson, "and I will get him."

Mr. Enyart came here from Elkhart, where he managed an exchange. He was also at Michigan City for some time.

There is no doubt that he has gone wrong, but to what extent the company will not say.

He has been gambling of late and to the green cloth can be attributed his downfall.

A BIG MORTGAGE.

An $8,500,000 Mortgage on a Road is Filed at Monticello, Ill.

Monticello, Ill., Aug. 4.—The largest mortgage ever filed in the recorder's office of Piatt county, was received today. It was for $8,500,000 and is given by the Indianapolis, Ohney and Springfield Railroad company, formerly the Indiana, Bloomington and Western railroad, which runs from Pekin, Ill., to Springfield, Ohio. It was in favor of the Central Trust company of New York and is the first mortgage on the road, a portion of which runs through this city.

THE GRASSHOPPERS.

Millions of Them Visit Canada and Ravage the Country.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 4.—Reports of the terrible ravages caused by grasshoppers in the surrounding districts are daily reaching Ottawa. A local naturalist, who visited the infected district, estimated that there was on each square mile of territory upwards of one hundred millions of grasshoppers.

Colonel O'Rourke Asked to Explain.

The Lagrange *Democrat* says:

Superintendent O'Rourke can hardly be happy over the publication of what is termed his "Political record" in the current issue of the Fort Wayne *Dispatch*. It calls him a "chronic kicker and bolter," and undertakes to prove that he has not voted the straight democratic ticket in over twenty-five years. The record includes the campaign of 1865, when Mr. O'Rourke was defeated for auditor of Allen county, and tells the names of the democrats whose election, after being regularly nominated, Mr. O'Rourke has vigorously opposed. It is a severe arraignment and, if true, shows that he has made political enemies enough in the democratic ranks to wipe him off the face of the earth in case he should receive the congressional nomination. Mr. O'Rourke owes it to himself and his friends to make a prompt and vigorous reply.

Weekly Bank Statement.

New York, Aug. 4.—The weekly bank statement is as follows: Reserve, decrease, $365,800; loans, decrease, $2,215,000; specie, decrease, $525,900; legal tender, increase, $512,800; deposits, decrease, $1,410,800; circulation, decrease, $78,800. The banks now hold $26,950,375 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

Worked at Home.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 4.—The president did not come into the city to- [illegible]

MANY DROWNED.

Russian Rivers Overflow Their Banks and Submerge Villages—Telegrams from the Old World.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 4.—The river Vistula has overflown its banks and inundated the country around Minsk.

Sprague, Aug. 4.—The river Moldau continues to rise. The villages on its banks are submerged and many inhabitants drowned.

London, Aug. 4—The *St. James Gazette* correspondent at Berlin says that in political circles there the tension between France and Italy is regarded as most serious.

Paris, Aug. 4.—The government has sent the professors of agriculture everywhere to advise farmers how to best gather and preserve their crops.

DR. GEO. W. LOAG.

He is Interviewed by the Kansas City Newspapers.

Dr. Geo. W. Loag, the pleasant county clerk, was at Kansas City the other day, and fell into the hands of the reporters.

The Kansas City *Times* says:

Mr. George W. Loag, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is in the city, with headquarters at the Coates house. Mr. Loag is clerk of Allen county, Ind., and part owner of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*.

"Ours is a strong democratic county," he said to a *Times* reporter yesterday, "and Harrison stock is awfully low there. Mr. Harrison had some trouble with the G. A. R. men during his senatorial career, and they are still displeased with him; probably he will discover exactly to what extent next November.

"The prohibitionists will cut considerable of a figure this fall in Indiana. They largely come from the republican ranks and this year they will vote with their own party. No, sir, I have no doubt whatever that the democrats will carry Indiana and I believe the majority will be a round one.

Mr. Loag has a good word to say for the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, and for its editor, Mr. S. E. Morss, formerly of this city. The paper is said to be rapidly attaining its old position in the hearts of the Indiana democracy.

The Kansas City *Journal* interviewed the doctor, but not relishing his democratic talk, turned his words to praise Kansas City. The *Journal*, however, concludes:

The county in which Mr. Loag resides is overwhelmingly democratic and is known throughout the state as the banner democratic county. A democratic nomination is equivalent to an election there. Besides being a man of genial disposition, Mr. Loag was fortunate, as it happened to be in that particular case, in receiving the democratic indorsement, and so was elected to the office he now holds, some years ago.

INDICTED.

Welsh and Starkey Must Face the Law for Tampering With Juries.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—The assistant state's attorney says the grand jury has found indictments against Sumner Welch and Lawyer Starkey, of the Chicago City Railway company, for tampering with juries.

Welch was recently sentenced to six months' imprisonment, by Judge Hawes, for the same offense, who in pronouncing sentence recommended that the grand jury investigate the cases of Welch, Starkey and President Holmes.

OVER A SCORE OF DEATHS.

Twenty-one Souls Take Their Flight into Eternity This Week.

The following is the list of deaths for the week, as reported by the city undertakers:

Nora W. Perry, 10 months, brain fever.

Susan Glass, 13 years, hip disease.

Arthur Blondell, 12 years, hip disease.

Edward G. Smedly, 44 years, suicide.

Graydon Hobson, 5 months, cholera infantum.

Verda P. Bricher, 1 year, cholera infantum.

Louis G. Feist, 2 months, cholera infantum.

Mary Graham, 75 years, old age.

Carl Weider, 5 months, brain fever.

John A. Hueber, 16 days, cholera infantum.

H. Woehnker, 2 days, exhaustion.

Louis Balzer, 8 years, heart disease.

Anna Christie, 1 year, marasmus.

Harry Wager, 5 months, suffocation.

Child of John Koenig, one day, exhaustion.

Elizabeth Behrman, 34 years, lung fever.

Wilhelmina Renken, 30 years, consumption.

Edith Crawford, one year, cholera infantum.

Edwin Faerfer, 4 months, brain fever.

William Behrman, 4 months, cholera infantum.

Saratoga Races.

Saratoga, Aug. 4.—First race, one mile, White won, Kentucky Ban second, Persian third. Time, 1:48½.

Second race, three-fourth mile, Gipsy Queen won, Heron second, The Lioness third. Time, 1:16.

Third race, one mile and five furlongs, Elkwood won, Kingston second, Terra Cotta third. Time, 2:50½.

Fourth race, six furlongs, Yum Yum won, Little Minch second, Jim Murphy third. Time, 1:14½.

Fifth race, mile and one sixteenth—Tudor won, Banyan second, Pasphat third. Time, 1:05½.

The Weather.

Washington, August 4.—Indiana: Threatening weather, with rains and [illegible]

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, Figures in a Runaway Accident at Camp Lincoln, and is Considerably Injured.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 4.—Governor Oglesby had a narrow escape from a serious injury at Camp Lincoln last evening. He visited the camp with Mrs. Oglesby and their son, to witness the parade.

In going down the first hill at the east entry, the breast strap of one of the horses broke, letting the carriage run upon them. They started to run away and the governor in trying to jump out was considerably bruised by being thrown in the ravine. The colored driver held on to the horses and stopped them on the bridge.

Mrs. Oglesby and her son remain in the carriage. The governor's intention was to jump out and catch the horses by the bridle.

The Republican Convention.

The republican county central committee met this afternoon and fixed Saturday, September 8, as the date of the republican county convention.

ARCOLA NEWS.

Interesting Gossip From That Little Berg.

Morris Finny is at Chicago.

E. Manor was at Auburn last week.

John Akin has returned from Hadley.

George Clappsettle is on the sick list.

Dancing is all the go at the present time.

Miss May Miller has returned from Warsaw.

L. J. Cortway is at Cincinnati, on business.

Lake Chapel will give a picnic August 25.

Miss Katie Fry is visiting relatives at this place.

S. S. Smith is attending normal at Fort Wayne.

Miss Molly Snyder spent Sunday in Fort Wayne.

John Akin was offered $200 for his trotter, "Slow Go."

T. J. Cortway rides in an eastern direction once a week.

Quite a number of people attended the concert at Coesse.

Ira Canpton, of Churubusco, spent last Sunday with his best girl.

Leonard Lekeneke is getting his horses for the September market.

A Harrison pole was raised here last week. The democrats had to help them.

Who are the two couple that spent Sunday at the east end brewery at Fort Wayne?

Foxy.

Personal Mention.

The Decatur *Democrat* says:

Miss Agnes Brokaw and cousin, of Fort Wayne, Sundayed with Miss Brokaw's parents in this city.

Herman Berghoff, of the Berghoff Brewing company, Fort Wayne, was in the city on business, Friday last.

Mr. Winters, father of Miss Stella Winters, formerly teacher in our city schools, has moved his family to Fort Wayne.

The Misses Anna Moellering and Lizzie Blase, of Fort Wayne, were the guests of Miss Sophia Meyers, who is visiting Mrs. Jacob Shafer.

Mr. Henry Moellering, of the firm of Wm. J. Moellering & Son, of Fort Wayne, was in the city Thursday, calling on his many customers.

The Rev. G. B. M. Rogers, professor in Fort Wayne college, will fill the pulpit of the Methodist church in this city next Sabbath. He is a young man of fine literary attrainments, as is indicated by his election to a position in the faculty of this well known institution. Everybody is cordially invited to hear him.

Forged Mortgages.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 4.—Forged mortgages, purporting to be given by Edmund R. Kearsley, formerly of this city but now of Bucyrus, Ohio, have been discovered. Money was obtained on them by H. W. Sterling, a nephew of Mr. Kearsley. Sterling is at present at his summer residence at Grosse Isle in the Detroit river. He is about twenty-five years old and has been married about eighteen months.

For Reporter of the Supreme Court.

Indianapolis, Aug. 4.—The contest for reporter of the supreme court in the republican state convention will be a pretty one. Sam Kercheval, of the First district, is in the city to stay until after the convention. He will come with the solid backing of his district and of other delegates from from various parts. He will probably find his chief competitor in the person of John L. Griffiths, of this city, who will go into the convention with a large and enthusiastic following. The fight will be many sided. A. N. Grant, of Kokom; W. M. Hockett, of Warrick, and W. W. Thornton, formerly deputy attorney general, will be in to the finish.

Mr. Barney O'Connor, Mr. Hugh Rockhill, Messrs. Win S. and Willis Bash and Dr. G. P. Barnum are at home from the North Manchester races. Mr. Willis Bash's "Luella" won the 2.50 race, best time 2.42. Mr. Barney O'Connor's "O. E. A.," and "Clifton Bay," owned by the Messrs. Bash, divided the free for all money. "Red Wilkes," the young stallion owned by [illegible]

A JUDGE SUICIDES.

Hon. Adin Thayer, a Well-Known Massachusetts Politician, Cuts His Throat With a Razor.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 4.—Hon. A. Thayer, judge of probate and a well known politician, committed suicide at his home on Cedar street, about 7 o'clock this morning by cutting his throat with a razor.

POLITICAL.

The Jeffersonian Club Meeting Last Night.

At the meeting of the Central club of Jeffersonians last night at the rink, it was resolved to have a general meeting of all the Jeffersonian clubs next Friday night. It was learned later that Friday was pay day at some of the large machine works and all could not attend, so it was ordered that the general meeting be held at the Academy of Music a week from next Monday, August 13. The largest meeting of democratic clubs ever held in our city is expected.

The ward committees appointed last night, are requested to meet at Mr. Andrew F. Glutting's office on Clinton street, Monday evening next at 8 o'clock to arrange for the general meeting. The committees are as follows: First ward—Edward Clausmeier, Fred Cruse and A. B. Trentman; Second ward—Patrick Ryan, P. B. Colerick, and W. T. Mannix; Third ward—P. J. Fallon, Louis Jocquel, and Dr. Will F. Meyer; Fourth ward—Phillip Lindlag, Will Mommer and Otto Nichter.

THE EIGHTH WARD MEETING.

The Eighth Ward Jeffersonian club held a rousing meeting in the A. M. E. church last evening. Notwithstanding the extreme hot weather, the attendance was very large and the membership roll was swelled. After transacting considerable business, the meeting was addressed by Hon. W. H. Shambaugh. He made a masterly speech, arraigning the republican party and its leaders for their inconsistencies on the tariff and other issues. Much enthusiasm was manifest throughout the entire meeting.

NINTH WARD DEMOCRATS.

The Ninth ward democrats met last night and organized a Jeffersonian club. Fred C. Boltz was acting president, L. C. Hunter was chosen secretary, and John Figel was made treasurer. Louis Hazzard was elected captain of the club and J. B. Lassus and John Figel were appointed a committee on finance. The club starts with a membership of seventy-five and the regular meeting will be each Friday evening.

Another Waif.

This morning a little boy baby was found on the door steps of Mr. George Hassert, who lives on Walton avenue. It was neatly tucked away in a basket and was about twenty-four hours old. Mrs. Hassert took the little waif into the house and will kindly care for it until some further arrangements are made for it.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Aug. 4.—The stock market was extremely dull at the opening this morning and remained so throughout the hour. At 11 the market was extensively dull and steady to firm at best prices.

New York, Aug. 4.—Money easy, at 1@1½ per cent.

New York, Aug. 4.—Wheat, 1@1¼c higher, strong and moderately active; No. 2 red, August, 95@95½c. Corn, ½@¾c higher and very quiet, 55@57c. Oats, a trifle better and quiet, at 37@45c. Butter, dull; declining to 11@19c. Cheese, firm. Sugar, dull; granulated, 7½c. Molasses, quiet and unchanged. Coffee, dull. Eggs, 17½@18c.

Toledo, Aug. 4.—Wheat, higher and quiet, at 89c. Corn, quiet, at 46½c bid. Oats, firm; August 25½c bid. Cloverseed, at $4.10.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—Wheat, a shade firmer, at 83¾c. Corn, easy, at 46½c. Oats, easy, at 25c. Flaxseed, $1.10. Pork, easy, at $14.25. Lard, steady, at $8.82½.

Personal Mention.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says:

Miss Jennie Campbell, of Fort Wayne is paying relatives here a week's visit.

Mrs. Teeple and daughter, of Fort Wayne, sister and niece of Mrs. Krick, paid her a visit Sunday last.

T. Comparet, of the Lake Shore freight house, Fort Wayne, was the guest of ye editor last Sunday.

Miss Stella Coleman, of Fort Wayne who has spent the past five weeks at this place, returned home Friday evening last.

Miss Ada Heller, of Fort Wayne, who has spent the past month visiting relatives and friends at this place, returned home last Sunday.

Peter Eggeman and lady, were the guests of Auditor Neizer and family last Sunday. Mr. Eggeman is classed by railroad men as the leading boot and shoe maker, of the summit city.

Judge Fuller.

New York, Aug. 4.—Chief Justice Fuller left here for Chicago to-day.

St. John's Lutheran Church give an excursion to Warsaw, Thursday, Aug. 23. 8-4t

Notice to Water Takers.

All water consumers delinquent in their rentals after Aug. 6, will have their supply shut off. Delinquent patrons must not complain at this for they have had sufficient notice.

By Order of the Trustees.
P. J. McDonald, Clerk.

Peaches and Melons.

Freestone peaches, basket, 30c.
Choice Watermelons, each 15c.
Nutmeg melons, each 10c
Red English plums, quart, 6c.
[illegible]son plums, quart, 8c.
[illegible] grapes, quart 10c.

JOHN ROBINSON!

The Veteran Showman, Who Has Spent His Life in the Management of Circuses, Dies This Morning.

Cincinnati, Aug. 4.—John Robinson, the veteran showman, died at 8 o'clock this morning. He had been for so[illegible] weeks in a critical condition. He w[illegible] more than eighty years of age, yet [illegible] a very short time he maintained [illegible] markable degree of vigor.

He has spent almost his whole li[illegible] the management of circuses, bein[illegible] ceeded by his sons within the p[illegible] years. He had amassed a large [illegible]

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Mr. J. J. Jenkinson is at home [illegible] the east.

William Brown, a Pittsburg yar[illegible] was injured to-day.

Mrs. L. R. Buchwalter, of West [illegible]ferson street, is quite ill.

The democratic county central committee met this afternoon.

Capt. Hugh M. Diehl returned from Cleveland, Ohio, this morning.

The Nickel Plate employes at Stony Island picnicked at Hobart to-day.

Miss M. A. Moran, of Chicago, will visit friends in the city next week.

Hon. Stauton J. Peele, of Indianapolis, is a guest of the Aveline house.

Miss Estella Thompson has returned from a visit to friends at Sidney, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Purman returned home to-day from an extended pleasure tour.

Mr. J. C. Peters and Mr. Jake Kern left to-day for Cedar Beach for a brief stay.

Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger leaves Monday for Tipton county to administer confirmation.

Wm. Nichols, bartender for Mrs. Fred Erickson, was fined $20 to-day for selling liquor without a license.

Hon. J. M. Barrett went to Warsaw to-day and will address a democratic meeting at Eagle Lake to-night.

There was a runaway accident at Monroeville this morning and a lady had her collar bone fractured in the fall.

Mrs. George J. Schott and family, of Chicago, are visiting in the city, the guests of Mrs. H. G. Wagner.

Mr. Fred C. Boltz's pacing horse won second money in a race at Mentone, Ill., yesterday, and got a record of 2:31½.

Mr. C. D. Pennel, of Me[illegible] drug store, left for Van Wert, [illegible] afternoon to spend Sunday w[illegible] friends.

Mr. Will McKinnie is at home from Youngstown, Ohio, where he attended the funeral of his grandfather, the late Alex. McKinnie.

Fred Strope and Mose Kratsch were fined for drunkenness by the mayor this morning. Strope was bailed out, but Kratsch went to jail.

Mr. Christ Boseker, of the *Journal*, met A. S. Barrett, ticket scalper at Mackinac. Mr. Boseker says that Barrett is living like a prince.

Christian Stuckey and Fannei Stuckey, John V. Gruber and Lydia A. Yates, Robert S. Beach and Anna Phillips, have been licensed to wed.

Political meetings will be held at Huntington, Reed's school house Lafayette township and Dietrick's school house, Milan township, this evening.

Mike Hargenrather was arrested yesterday by Officer Hagenrader and the mayor fined the fellow $5 this morning for assault on Henry Lauer. Hargenrather is in jail.

The Street Railway company i[illegible] structing a line to the east ra[illegible] yards. Superintendent McNutt is [illegible] ing the street car service ahead [illegible] city, and we ought to appreciate it.

A. S. Work, superintendent of e[illegible] eers and firemen on the Nickel Pla[illegible] here on a special tour of inspection. Mr. Work will be the guest of his friend, W. D. Miller, while in the city.

The many friends of Mr. George Dillon, passenger conductor on the Nickel Plate, will regret to hear that his eldest son, a bright young boy of fourteen summers, died at the residence of his parents, last Wednesday, at Bellevue, Ohio. His sickness was only of short duration.

Mr. J. F. McDaniel, who is a professor of an educational institution at De Funiak Springs, Florida, is in the city to-day, the guest of Mr. T. J. Logan. Professor McDaniel is a brilliant young man and has a promising future before him. He is a Hoosier boy, his old home being at Pierceton, Ind.

It seems that Mr. Ogden may find he was too hasty in commencing the attachment proceedings against Dr. McCaskey, noticed in these columns the other day. The doctor had neither removed from the city, it appears, nor has he given up the Sanitarium. The doctor is, after a brief absence on full duty there, and busily engaged in the prosecution of his general practice. Steps are also being taken we are informed to hold the parties who are amenable responsible for the unauthorized proceedings.

At 3 o'clock this morning a fire alarm from box sixteen called the department to No. 21 Brackenridge street where a barn on the premises of Conductor Joe Gruber, of the Pittsburg road, was found enveloped in flames. The building contained a large amount of hay and burned so rapidly that the firemen were powerless to save the structure or any portion of its contents. A fine horse, highly valued by Mr. Gruber, perished. The total loss is about $2,000. The building was insured, but the horse and other contents were not. The origin of the fire is unknown.

WANTED.—A front room in [illegible]

"KISSED HIS MOTHER."

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet;
Making me think of a garden,
When in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it
That, God grant, the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweet-heart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on:
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!
—ian Intelligencer.

INNOCENT AS SHE WAS PRETTY.

ll fol-de-rol," said Miss Henrietta w, sitting bolt upright in her bam- ker. "It is all fol-de-rol, I say, for to think they must make up jim- that nobody wants and scatter them among their friends."

t it is for a birthday present, aunt."

ell, what of that? Do you suppose ause my birthday happens to be coming t I want anyone to give me an ungainly cushion with two H's worked in the ter?"

"What if there should be three H's?" d Lottie, slyly, remembering old Peter mmond's clumsy attentions, with, as he admitted, "an eye to a snug home."

"What's that you say?" snapped Miss Hetta.

Lottie did not venture a repetition, but sat demurely considering what, under the stress of circumstances, she should do. Lottie was Miss Henrietta's orphan niece, and had been a member of her household for nearly a year. She had learned dearly to love the prim old lady, though that love was not unmixed with fear. Her wants had all been kindly anticipated and generously supplied; but now she had come to her aunt with a request for a few shillings to spend on trifles, of which Miss Hetta did not approve, and had been flatly denied.

Oh, dear, what should she do? Harry had always brought her some tasteful gift, and she did so want to make him a hatband for his new derby. She had not dreamed that she could not, and had put it off till the last moment.

The great drops welled up suddenly to her eyes. If Miss Hetta saw any symptoms of heartache, she had had heartaches herself, and they had never killed her yet. But Lottie did not mean to droop. Auntie was usually kind, and was albeit her only living relative—except Harry. Well, Harry was not a relative, exactly—and, oh, dear, if she could only have a hat-band!

She forced back the rebellious tears, and went singing about the house like the blithe girl she was.

The birthday morning arrived, and the problem of Harry's presents was still unsolved. "If I could just give him something," she sighed, looking wistfully down the long street. "Oh," she said, suddenly, clasping her hands. "I will, I will! What a happy thought!" And she fairly jumped k and hat and went skipping e street.

. Beach, an eccentric bachelor, lived he rather lonely house at the extreme of the street. Lottie was never sick herself, and Aunt Hetta never employed Dr. Beach for her occasional ailments; yet the bright-hearted girl had contrived to make the acquaintance of the uncouth doctor, who liked her and called her "Little Miss."

"What if the dear old man was a little gruff? He was good." And into his office Lottie now went, assured of a warm welcome. Absorbed in her own interest and intent on her errand, she approached the bay-window where stood the great monthly rose-bush which had been the wonder and envy of the admiring public since almost before Lottie was born.

"Oh, Doctor," she said, "I came to ask if you would be so kind as to give me three or four of those lovely buds?"

"What for?" growled the doctor, savagely.

"You see," she began, "I wanted to make something pretty for a birthday gift for—for a friend, but I could not," choking a little, "and I had almost given up hope of anything, when this morning, as I glanced down the road, your beautiful roses seemed to say, 'Come after us,' so here I am. Flowers are always nice to give, you know, and I had none."

"Humph! Why couldn't you make what ted to?"

Hetta would not let me."

ph! Is not Henrietta Henshaw you?" he demanded, bristling up.

es, as kind as can be. But she t believe in birthday gifts, she

n't you any money yourself?"

might give you a cent or two from o time; then you would have a fund to draw from."

"Oh, she does; I had five dollars Monday that I had not needed to use. But I saw Jennie and Tommy Elroy with their little bare toes peeping out of their old shoes and——"

"So you squandered your money to clothe the feet of those little vagabonds?" growled the doctor, wondering why he hadn't seen the bare toes.

"Yes, I got shoes and the nicest red stockings. Jennie cried and cried when she hugged me, because she was so glad," related Lottie, her quick tears starting.

The doctor rubbed his knuckles vindictively in his own eyes.

"Well, little miss, if you had known you could not get any more money for your flummery would you have spent all you had on the little beggars?"

"I don't know; I hope so; I'm sorry you asked me. I really think I should. But I did want the other so dreadfully that I might have saved out a little."

"You could have got brown stockings."

"So I could. But I guess I'm glad I did not; the red ones are so much prettier, and the poor like pretty things as well as the rich."

The doctor looked ponderingly on the little miss. She was a pretty creature, and as innocent as she was pretty. Though she was seventeen, her looks and appearance would hardly have claimed her fifteen well-rounded years.

"It is a bridal rose," said Lottie, keeping her errand in mind, as she looked admiringly into the great bush, whose beautiful blossoms rivaled the whiteness of the snow.

"Humph! I suppose so. You would not think now that it had spoiled a wedding. But it did; just fifteen years ago this day."

Lottie looked in alarm at the white, treacherous thing.

"You would not think, either, that a gruff old fellow like me could ever have got a woman to say she would have him!"

"Oh, yes, I would," said Lottie; "I think you are the nicest man in the world—cept——"

"cept whom?"

"as going to say Harry."

[illegible] fine complim[illegible] it never came from my lips before, little miss, but I will give it to you. You see, I had been a medical student under old Dr. West, and when he died I got my diploma and stuck my shingle out here. Soon after that I got acquainted with as trim a built girl as you often see, and after a while, somehow or other, we became engaged. I was young and had my way to make, and we resolved to wait two years before settling down. Over back of the hill yonder lived a girl named Nancy Brown, a pretty, pale creature, who seemed just ready to go off to the angels. I was called to attend her, and I wanted to do my best. I knew they could never pay me a cent, and perhaps for that reason I went a little oftener than I needed. Nancy had one precious thing, her rose-bush; small then, but giving promise of great things. It did seem as if everybody begrudged it to her, for half the town, in one way or another, sought to make it worth her while to give it up.

"Perhaps the motives were good. But, though Nancy was in comparative poverty, no gold was yellow enough to buy her one treasure. Well, her fragility proved not to be incipient consumption, after all, and time went on until within twenty-four hours of my wedding-day, and that morning I was in my office here on the watch for my sweetheart, who soon, all smiles and blushes, with the consciousness that it was the last time as a maiden, came tripping down the street. I went out to meet her. This bush, not half as large as it is now, stood here in the window.

"'Oh,' said my bride that was to be, in a pretty rapture, 'Nancy has sold you her rose! Did you cross it root and branch with silver coin?'

"'Not I. Nancy gave it to me of her own sweet will.'

"A jealous flush came over my girl's proud face.

"'I thought,' she said, 'that your visits there were more frequent than her illness called for. You love her, and if you are fair to her you are false to me.'

"I made a sharp reply. She had charged me with double dealing. We were both terrible angry. The next morning we were to have been married. That was fifteen years ago and we have never spoken since. Nancy was going away to fulfill a promise made in childhood, and she gave me her rose because I had 'saved her life for her lover.' Perhaps I had; but she had unknowingly ruined mine. I kept the bush, and it has blossomed every month with all its might. More than one young mother has begged of me some dainty buds to clasp in her dead baby's hand, and many a bride has pleaded with sweet lips for just a few blossoms to gem her hair. I have denied them all, and have never cut one of the flowers until it withered from the stem. It was not for Nancy's sake, either, but somehow for the life that was to have blessed mine."

"But you did not love your sweetheart much," ventured Lottie, winking off the salt drops that had collected on her long lashes.

"Not love her?" roared the doctor. "Zounds! can a chit like you undertake to gauge the depths of a man's soul?"

"If you had you would have acted differently," bravely asserted this small council of one, sitting in judgment, with her chin resting on her hand.

"Acted differently," thundered the irate doctor. "Pray, Miss Wisdom, how should I have acted?"

"You would have said to your sweetheart, 'I do not love Nancy, but I do love her rose. She is going away and gave it to me in gratitude. But I give the rose and myself and all that I have to you, because I love you better than all the world.' Then, don't you see that everything would have been smooth, and you would have been all these years full of joy?"

"Zounds! so I should!" exclaimed the excited doctor, rising to his feet. "John, come in here," he called. "Help me to wrap up this rose tree. There, put it on your hand-sled and draw it home for this young lady and set it in the house. And you, little miss, present it, with my compliments and best wishes, to Miss Henrietta Henshaw. Good heavens, what a fool!" said the doctor, striking his bald head a vigorous thump, when left alone.

Lottie did as she was bidden, giving Aunt Hetta such a galvanic shock as to paralyze her; but the good lady came to enough to glance furtively down the street to see really that the "impertinent white thing" was no longer staring at her from the doctor's bay-window. She had a bay-window, too, looking southward, and into it she contrived to roll the great box, with its wealth of white blossoms.

The doctor, looking stealthily out from his dismantled corner, drew his own conclusions.

"Ahem!" said Miss Hetta. "How long would it take to work that nonsense you were talking about?"

"I could get it done by night," gasped Lottie, all of a delicious tremble.

"Well, child, I did not mean to be cross. Take this, and do as you please with it."

Lottie's hand closed quickly over the gold coin; she did not need a tenth of it, and she worked the whole afternoon, to the detriment of her blue eyes and the loss of her supper, till on a garnet ribbon a broad satin stitch of gold, ornamented with tiny forget-me-nots, lettered out the H. B. M. which stood not for Her Britannic Majesty, but some one every bit as regal—Henry B. Manvers, otherwise Harry.

She ran down to the hall, which was flooded with light, and greeted Harry, and had just secured the hatband in his hat, when the parlor doors were thrown open, and there stood Aunt Hetta, blushing through the frosts of forty winters, with great heaps of white massed in her hair and clustered on her bosom. Dr. Beach, pompous and portly, was at her side.

"Here, little miss," he shouted, "you and that rascal run for the Parson."

The wily physician had armed himself with a ring and a strip of paper signed by the town clerk, and before one could say "Jack Robinson" the knot was tied that transferred Miss Henrietta Henshaw into Mrs. Dr. Beach.

Lottie was so bewildered that she could never tell whether she said yea or nay when Henry asked her to be his wife. But the young rascal seems to know, for he is building wondrous castles in the air.

In the sunny parlor, close beside the great rose tree, stands an elegant piano—a birthday offering to "little miss" from her "Uncle Doctor."—*Cleveland Sun.*

FOR HER SISTER'S SAKE.

BY HAROLD CINQMARS.

Mrs. Wyatt stood at the open window of her drawing-room, in one of those splendid apartment houses overlooking the park. Perhaps half an hour had passed when the sound of a door opening and closing caused her to turn and face the center of the room, and her husband came in.

He greeted his wife impatiently.

"You are not in driving costume, yet I told you Manvers would be here at eleven."

"I am not going to drive with Manvers; I don't like him."

"Who supposed you would like him? Who wants you to? It is all a matter of business."

"It is not the kind of business I admire. And I want you to leave me out of it hereafter."

"Why do you talk such nonsense? You have got to drive with him."

"Oh, no; I do nothing under compulsion. You know me better than that."

Wyatt hesitated, flung himself into a chair, drew a long breath, and spoke again in a different tone:

"Penelope, don't be foolish. Manvers will ask your opinion on those paintings, and your advice as to his purchasing them. You will simply applaud his taste. When [illegible] Hyse will be [illegible]

"There is something wrong about the pictures," said Penelope, coldly. "I am not going to advise Manvers—much as I detest him—to throw away his money."

"Do you know what you are saying, woman? Do you want to be turned into the street—you and your pretty sister? Do you want to starve?"

Penelope moved a little now. Hitherto she had stood motionless.

"I don't understand you," she said, slowly.

"I mean every word," he retorted, with little less vehemence. "We are in a precarious condition. Expenses have got to be met, not only for ourselves but for Rachel as well."

Penelope did not reply at once. She turned and walked to the window again, and stood looking out.

Rachel! Yes, to be sure; she must think of Rachel, whose innocent young face came up clear to her remembrance, as beheld a short time since. Rachel was wandering somewhere with her lover in the park below. He was a noble fellow, and he was wealthy. Rachel must not have her prospects marred in any way, for Rachel loved him.

The thought of what her husband had said made Penelope dizzy for an instant. She turned to him again.

"Dexter," she said, with a little less strength of voice, "tell me the truth—is it really as you say? Can't you manage without thrusting me into the society of a man I abhor? Dexter, suppose he should say something insulting?"

"He will not," said Wyatt, shrugging his shoulders. "I am not afraid for you. You know how to put a man down when necessary. Only be pleasant with him and humor his little fancies; he cannot harm you. Penelope, if you'll manage this for me I won't ever ask you to do anything of that sort

Remember, again, Rachel. Hush; there is the bell. That is Manvers. Go and dress quickly."

But Penelope did not move.

"If I go, I will go as I am," she said, smoothing down her plain gray gown.

She did not put out her hand to greet the visitor. She wondered if he noticed that she shrank from him. She thought she never had known him to look coarser, more utterly soulless.

Wyatt accompanied them to the door.

"It's confoundedly good of you to take Mrs. Wyatt out," he said, genially. "By the way, I'm expecting Hyse—you know Hyse—to talk about that B—— collection. He's crazy to get hold of it. But so are several others. Well, I wish you a pleasant drive." And to Penelope, "Bye-bye, my dear!"

Penelope had a vague notion that she must converse with her companion on every-day topics, as they descended in the elevator and went out into the golden September haze.

Manvers was in excellent spirits. He talked ceaselessly, until, after the horses had made one brilliant spurt or more, he reined them up and the wheels revolved less rapidly. He continued to drive slowly then for awhile.

Penelope, on the other hand, grew silent. He had not spoken of the pictures. He had spoken of other things; he had even begun to speak in a way that made the blood seem to freeze in her veins.

Did he mean to insult her? She scarcely knew. She had such a horrible, helpless sensation. What could she do or say? More and more slowly he drove. She could turn her face away, but she could not help but hear the language of the man beside her, speaking of Dexter Wyatt.

"Your husband does not appreciate you. * * * Why should a woman waste all her youth and sweetness on a man who does not repay? * * * As for marriage, it is well enough for the lower classes. * * * One is more likely to find appreciation where there are no fetters to make us tire. A friend is often better than a husband."

Penelope had not lost a word; she was utterly quiet and utterly cold. How strange, she said to herself, how terrible it was! That she must sit in frozen silence and shudder as he poured in her ears the deadly poison of his thoughts! Loathsome and deadly! And only a little way distant the laughter of pure and happy children.

"You are very quiet," she heard him say, and knew he laid his hand upon her own. "And you are very cold."

She took courage, and stared full in his face, hoping he might read some pure look in her eyes and know that she was offended.

"Yes," she said slowly and steadily. "I am very cold. I think we had better return." She thought then to bring to his mind the matter concerning which her husband had lain his plans. "Mr. Hyse," she said, "will have finished his arrangements for taking that collection."

But Manvers was indifferent as to this.

He struck the horses sharply with the whip, and they dashed furiously ahead. He did not turn their heads toward the home of his companion.

"There is no use going back yet," he said in a low tone; "you only need something to warm you—some stimulant. We can get it up the road."

Penelope controlled herself with a great effort, and spoke with dignity.

"Please drive me home," she said. That was all. Something in the quiet command enraged him.

"No," he said, with an evil smile, "not now," and lashed the horses afresh. They plunged furiously. Were they running away? Penelope thought so. Nor did Manvers appear anxious to properly control them.

Some thoughts passed then like lightning flashes through her brain. He would not comply with her demand. He would not even set her down here in the park. He had dared to offer her the deadliest insult. How much longer must she breathe air polluted by his presence? What had she done in all her life to deserve this misery? Was it her fault that she had married Dexter Wyatt? Or was it that her mother had erred, and she, the daughter, must expiate that mother's folly? Oh, bitter expiation of another's error!

She would try once more. She would speak to the wretch beside her.

"Set me down at once," she meant to say. But something choked her; her tongue refused to do the bidding of her brain.

Suddenly, across a stretch of green, she saw her sister and her sister's lover. They were walking arm in arm; Rachel's snowy dress fluttered in the sunlight like a flag of peace. Rachel's lover looked down upon her with tender gaze.

Penelope's hands were shut so tightly that the nails had almost [illegible]

It was all over in an instant. After a little Manvers drove back to the crowd about her prostrate form.

"She thought the horses were running away," he explained, looking ghastly himself.

They had lifted her from the gravel to the soft grass underneath a tree. She breathed feebly, and stirred as if half conscious. Rachel was kneeling at her side, sobbing pitifully, and Rachel's lover was also there.

Penelope's eyes opened slowly; the inky lashes quivered above a dimming gaze.

Her lips moved, and Rachel caught her lover's name.

"She is speaking to you," the young girl sobbed, and made room for him.

"Promise," whispered Penelope. "Promise! You love Rachel?"

"Yes, yes," he cried.

"Promise—to care for her——"

"I promise," with intense earnestness, "as God shall be my judge."

Penelope's ashen countenance relaxed from a look of pain to a look of peace. The inky lashes quivered an instant, then rested upon the bloodless cheeks. A faint sigh escaped from her lips. Then all was still!—*Drake's Magazine.*

The Flying Man.

I believe that athletes such as those who first obtained mastery over the problem of the bicycle could very soon learn to float, to ascend, to descend, to ride upward, to soar, and so forth, in a way which would very decidedly indicate the possibility of a much fuller mastery over the problem of flight later on. Experiments which have been already made prove decisively that a man's weight can be supported by planes or sails of very moderate extent, not much greater, proportionally to his body, than an eagle's wing, if only there is either rapid motion of advance or a strong current of air against their slightly slanted surface. But these experiments have not yet been so carried on as to show fully what can be done when practice in the art of balancing in the air and in making the adjustments necessary for changing the direction of flight has been sufficiently extended. Yet Mr. Charles Spencer, a teacher of gymnastics in England, was able, after obtaining no greater velocity than would be given by running down a small incline, to sustain flight by the supporting action of wicker wings for a distance of 120 feet. Besnier, indeed, toward the close of the last century, devised a method of supporting the body by pinions, which enabled him, after a sharp run, to fly across a river of considerable width. It is certain that very little is to be gained from the attempts which have been made to direct balloons. The velocity which can be given to a balloon in still air is very small. A very moderate breeze would carry a balloon one way despite all the mechanical attempts to direct it in another, let the balloon be shaped as it may. Moreover, all such attempts are dangerous, for the wind has a great hold on the necessarily large surface of a balloon, and going against the wind would subject the balloon to destructive influences. Whenever man attacks the problem of flight, seeking real advantage from its mastery, he will aim at much more than such mere floating power as the balloon gives; at more, even than the rapid floating motion, with power of guidance, which may be obtained by the experiments suggested above. There must also be a power of energetic propulsion while still in the air. This might be obtained by suitable adjustment levers to be worked by a man in actual flight. But while I believe flight to be possible for man in this way, I consider the only kind of flight which is likely to be really useful to men to be that of flying machines, propelled, balanced, and directed by some one or other of the natural forces man has brought under control. That man who has learned to traverse the land more swiftly by mechanical means than its most actual denizens, and to make the wide seas his highways by similar devices, should be unable to travel in the air, which by natural selection alone has become the home of creatures descended from reptilian forms, is to me unthinkable.—*Richard A. Proctor, in Philadelphia Press.*

President Lincoln's Illusions.

These are many historical instances of illusions and hallucinations among persons of great intellectual vigor, and I may be pardoned for referring to a strange fact, which is not generally known, in regard to the late President Lincoln, and this is recited by Wharton. Mr. Lincoln was remarkably superstitious. Just after his election in 1860, when he came home tired out, he threw himself upon a lounge in his bedroom, which was opposite to a mirror. "When he looked into the glass he saw himself reflected nearly full length; but his face had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. He was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, he saw it a second time—plainer, if possible, than before; and then he noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. He got up and the thing melted away, and in the excitement of the hour he forgot all about it, nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come back again; but he never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though he once tried very industriously to show it to his wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was a 'sign' that he was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that he should not see life through the last term." Nor was this a single case of morbid cerebral action in the life of this remarkable man. "He was," says his biographer, Mr. Lamon, "readily impressed with the most absurd superstitions. He lived constantly in the serious conviction that he was himself the subject of a special decree, made by some unknown and mysterious power, for which he had no name. He had great faith in the virtues of the 'mad-stone,' although he could give no reason for it, and confessed it looked like superstition."—*Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, in The American Magazine.*

WE must not hope wholly to change their original tempers, nor make the gay pensive and grave, nor the melancholy sportive, without spoiling them.—*Locke.*

A CURIOUS theft was committed by an old woman of Orange, N. J. She dug up cobble stones from the highway to pave her cellar floor.

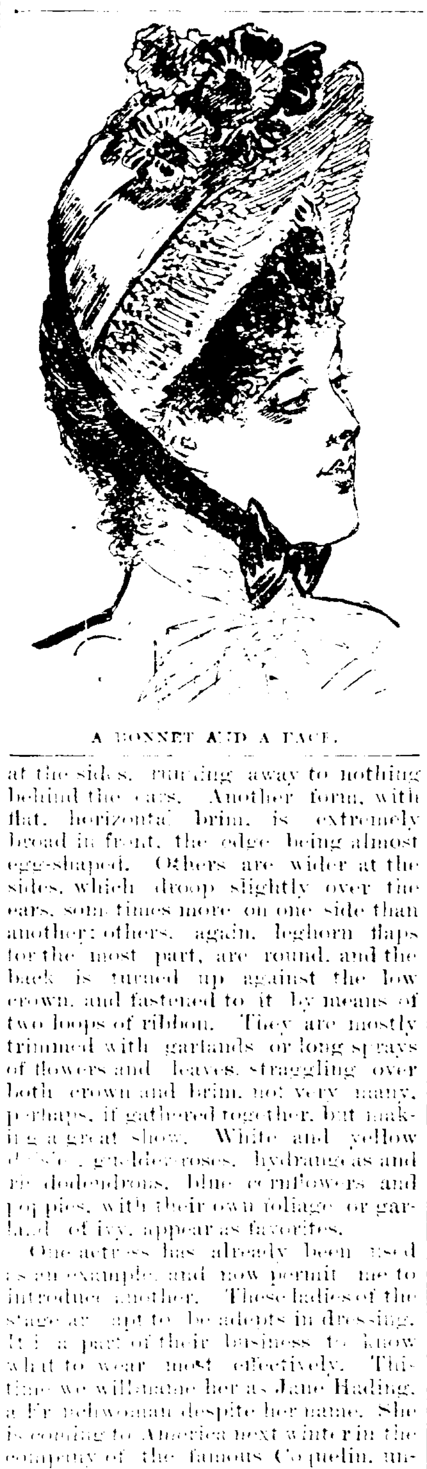
FOR THE LADIES.

A Couple of Columes Devoted to the Fair Daughters of Eve,

Embracing a Few Seasonable Hints About the Latest Styles in Dress.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

A beautiful bonnet on a beautiful head is indeed a happy combination. The accompanying picture is a portrait. There is no use giving her name. Not that she would object, for she is an actress, and celebrity is a help to her; but she is merely a chorus girl in one of the comic operas now being performed in a Broadway theater, and to her audiences is merely the handsomest in a row of vocalists. She was at Coney Island when sketched. The rest of the young women in a merry party wore picturesque, if not outlandish, summer hats of big size, and their millinery was the making of them so far as high attractiveness was concerned; but our heroine had a face so fair that she could well afford to boldly show it with no overshadowing by brim or softening by feathers. She wore a neat bonnet, poky in front, but neat and close otherwise, and trimmed with a cluster of daisies. Referring to the midsummer developments of hats in general, it may be said that those worn more or less off the face have the brims narrow at the sides, running away to nothing behind the ears. Another form, with flat, horizontal brim, is extremely broad in front, the edge being almost egg-shaped. Others are wider at the sides, which droop slightly over the ears, sometimes more on one side than another; others, again, leghorn flaps for the most part, are round, and the back is turned up against the low crown, and fastened to it by means of two loops of ribbon. They are mostly trimmed with garlands or long sprays of flowers and leaves, straggling over both crown and brim, not very many, perhaps, if gathered together, but making a great show. White and yellow daisies, guelder-roses, hydrangeas and rhododendrons, blue cornflowers and poppies, with their own foliage or garland of ivy, appear as favorites.



A BONNET AND A FACE.

One actress has already been used as an example, and now permit me to introduce another. These ladies of the stage are apt to be adepts in dressing. It is a part of their business to know what to wear most effectively. This time we will name her as Jane Hading, a Frenchwoman despite her name. She is coming to America next winter in the company of the famous Coquelin, unless Henry E. Abbey's loss of Wallack's Theater should frustrate the scheme.

"If you are writing about fashions," said one of Abbey's boomers, "here is a subject—a photograph of Miss Hading in a brand-new costume which she is to wear in 'The Master of the Forges.' She has sent it to us to show how nicely she is going to dress."

Seeing that the toilet was really in the very latest summer style, it was accepted for reproduction here. It is worn by the heroine of the play on a supposedly summer day in the country. Simplicity and elegance are its characteristics. It is exceedingly artful. See how devoid it is of flummery, and yet it is not the less striking. Observe its lack of exaggerated outlines, and yet how picturesque it is. The materials are India silk and mull, but the same effect can be produced in a great variety of fabrics. The hat is in perfect harmony.

GOOD SUMMER TASTE.

It was at the seashore that the third sketch was made. Jews are a large and wealthy element at all the summer resorts near New York, and this girl was the handsomest Jewess in her hotel. The dresess was possibly too suggestive of a home gown for display in a public house, but it accorded well with her assertive sort of beauty. The figures of the lawn are no brighter than the red of her brunette cheeks or the snap of her black eyes. White muslin dresses are made up in much the same manner. Soft Nainsook without dressing should be chosen, and a little of embroidery or lace is the best embellishment. The belted waist may be gathered on the shoulders and [illegible] in front in surplice fashion [illegible] Valenciennes lace, which may be turned back from the front, or its scalloped edges made to meet, as best suits the neck of the wearer. A construction like that of the pretty Jewess' wide, flat, gathered collar is not becoming to all girls. In sleeves the person's own fancy may be largely indulged. Everything puffy is gradually being discarded for every-day costumes; but, as the skirts diminish in size, sleeves become expansive, and full effects are chosen by all who can wear them. The old "leg o' mutton" style has really the preference, and being full at the shoulder is close-fitting below the elbow; sometimes a deep, plain cuff of contrasting fabric is added. White pongee dresses are among the prettiest silk gowns taken to the country this season. They are made by tailors with honey-combed blouses, and draped skirts with honey-combed side breadths, or else the skirt is in accordion pleats with honey-combing at the top of the front and side breadths. The blouses have the honey-combing around the shoulders, and the full sleeves are honey-combed at the wrists. But if one cares to abjure simplicity, and go in for that gayety of colors which characterizes the styles of the summer season, let her realize the picture in bright-hued India silk. These are now figured in intricate cashmere designs of dark palms or arabesques nearly covering the light ground. The red silks are made up with gathered yoke waists, belted with turn-over collar and full sleeves, while the skirt has finely pleated flounces and pointed draperies, or else there is a lower skirt of red silk with insertions of black lace or open black embroidery on which the figured silk is draped. Plain and figured silks are combined with the plain part of dark, clear-blue India silk, and the remainder a well-covered blue and suede-palmleaf pattern in cashmere coloring that adds a little red and gold in its intricate design. India pongee is used for entire costumes, smocked blouses, shirred round hats, tea-gowns, traveling cloaks, and parasols. The costumes are made with stitching in many rows, and pearl buttons for their trimming; or else the bodice is a blouse, smocked, tucked or gathered in any of the fashions now in vogue, with a pleated skirt that may be laid in accordion pleats and honey-combed at the top; or else with kilt-pleating and a slight apron drapery.

It the hair of woman does not take to growing upside down it will not be for lack of training upward. Although there are various coiffures in vogue, not one in twenty fails to call for a brushing of the hair straight up from the nape of the neck. Indeed, this is a point in a modish toilet that bothers a woman more than any other. The deft maid-servant may acceptably prepare her mistress in every other respect for a ball, but the final smoothing of the up-drawn locks behind must be done by the belle herself. This fashion exposes the neck in a manner which, in the by-gone days of "waterfalls" and drooping curls, would not have been dreamed of. In the matter of maids, the wealthy New York woman is discarding the French and taking to the Swedish. It is true that the Parisian servitor has good ideas of artistic effect, while the Swede is ignorant in those matters; but of late the New York first-class belle prices herself on a taste of her own, and what she wants in a maid is a quick, obedient, negative sort of creature. So a blonde Swede or Norwegian girl, with a skin as clear as wax-work, and clad in a black dress, with white cap and apron, is the proper assistant in my lady's boudoir.—*Chicago Ledger.*

SOMETHING SHOWIER.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

The Latest Fads of the Wearers of Precious Stones.

Corsage pins in dull and Roman link patterns are popular.

A newly hatched chick just emerging from a tiny enameled egg is a pretty pattern in scarf pins.

A large topaz surrounded by yellowish diamonds makes a beautiful finish for a single-prong hairpin.

A dull-gold scimiter, before which is a diamond crescent holding a pearl between its points, is a pretty design in brooches.

A peculiar pattern in garter buckles represents a circular corrugated plaque of oxidized silver upon which rests a coiled serpent.

A heart of plain gold, paved with diamonds, entwined with another set with sapphires, makes an attractive top design for a knife-edge bracelet.

In link sleeve buttons a handsome pair recently seen had a jeweled initial on a Roman gold plate, while the bars were set with five diamonds each.

A seasonable design for small silver cases is a catcher in the act of stopping a swiftly coming ball. On court-plaster cases it is specially appropriate.

A shield of silver, on which is an armorial bearing rising from a confused mass of scroll work of the same metal, is a peculiar pattern in garter buckles.

An artistic design in brooches represents a wild rose and leaves in enamel. The pink blossom nestling among the colored leaves produces a pleasing effect.

The repousse head of a terrified horse, having a broken bridle dangling from the mouth, is a design for cigar cases which will not be relished by nervous equestrians.

A new design in clocks is a bronze figure of Mercury blowing a long horn which turns under his arm. The statuette rests upon a handsome base, in which the clock is set.

[illegible] by a jeweler's [illegible] lily of [illegible]

Misuse of "Only."

It is probable that more errors are made in the use of the word "only" than in using any other word in the English language. While its misuse is not so glaring as many other grammatical errors, yet it greatly mars and reduces the accuracy of a sentence. Unlike the more glaring mistakes which are confined chiefly to the speech and writing of the unlearned, its misuse prevails to a singular extent in the writing of the accomplished men and women, and is observed frequently in newspapers and even higher literature. This results from carelessness more than anything else, and probably from the fact that the correct use of the word is not so easily understood.

The proper place of "only" in a sentence is readily ascertained by accurately determining the word to which it has special reference. A few examples will, perhaps, more clearly explain its misuse. I have heard good orators say, "I will only refer to this branch of the subject." A little thought will make it evident that the speaker did not mean to confine himself to referring, but to the branch of the subject; therefore he should have said, "I will refer only to this branch of the subject." Had he meant it to limit "refer" he would have emphasized it in order to make himself understood. To say, "I only see an orange" might mean that the speaker does not feel, taste or smell an orange; but "I see only an orange" means that he sees no other fruit. It might be clearer, perhaps, to say, "I see an orange only," or "I see an orange alone." But it is not well to conclude a sentence with the adverb or adjective, as the case may be. It is common to hear, "I only saw him" "I only have four," "he only went to Philadelphia," and countless similar errors.

The word "too" is misused in precisely the same way. I have heard highly educated persons make such mistakes as "I was there, too," not meaning to include with other places the place indicated, but that the speaker was present with others at the place so that it would have been correct to say, "I, too, was there."

"Also," being used interchangeably with "too," is, of course, similarly misused. In the sentence, "He will read this," "also" can be inserted to convey three meanings. "He also will read this," indicates that he besides others will read this. "He will also read this" indicates that he may have intended to sing it, but now he will also read, and "He will read this also," means that he will read it in addition to other pieces.

Additional examples need not be given to explain the proper use of the words. A little care and thoughtfulness will soon correct the abuse. Writers, especially, should be careful with these words, for speakers can indicate their meaning by emphasis. Much ambiguity in writing is due to this fault, and correction of it will add to an author's power.—*New York Mirror.*

The Subsidence of Mountains.

According to *La Gazette Geographique*, the Cordilleras of the Andes are gradually sinking. In 1745 the city of Quito was 9,596 feet above the sea level; in 1803 it was only 9,570; in 1831, 9,567; and scarcely 9,520 in 1867. This amounts to a lowering of seventy-six feet in 122 years, or at the rate of about seven and one-half inches per annum. We are also told that the farm of Antisana has sunk 165 feet in sixty-four years, or more than two and one-half feet per annum. This is the highest inhabited spot on the Andes, about 4,000 feet higher than Quito, the highest city on the globe. The peak of Pichincha was, according to the same authority, 218 feet lower in 1867 than in 1745, a sinking of nearly two feet per annum. Assuming the accuracy of these figures, they present a curious geological problem, especially as there is no record of a corresponding change at sea level or at the foot of these same mountains, which descend rather steeply to the Pacific. If the plasticity or viscosity of the earth's crust be such as I have contended in this magazine, it follows almost of necessity that such a mass of mountain land as that in this region of Quito and Chimborazo must be squeezing itself downward into the subcrust of the globe by its own enormous weight. Although the highest of these peaks are not quite so high as the highest of the Himalayas, the concentration of elevation in a given area, or, otherwise stated, the mass standing above sea level in proportion to the base on which it stands, is greater than can be found in any other part of the world, and its downthrust is similarly pre-eminent. Such down-squeezing and sinking must be accompanied with corresponding lateral thrust, or elbowing, that should produce earthquake disturbances on every side. The facts fully satisfy this requirement of the theory, as the country all around the region in question is the very fatherland of terrible earthquakes.

Stewed Devil-fish for Tea.

"Little you know of European delights," said a bon vivant, "if you have never tasted the flesh of a shark or reveled in devil-fish stew. All fish are edible, but some are, by popular prejudice, adjudged to be unfit for the table. Who would ever dream of eating toadfish? The appearance of the creature, with its hideous head and brown-spotted sides, is sufficient to take away any man's appetite; yet the fish is tender and palatable. When fried it tastes very much like flounder. Shark are also excellent eating. They are plentiful in these waters, and, if people could be made to believe that their flesh is wholesome and agreeable to the palate, an excellent fish would be sold in the market at a remarkably low price.

"Shark flesh is firm and in taste hardly distinguishable from redfish. A delicious soap can be made from the fins. The meat is best when boiled or fried in oil. The devil-fish, or giant squid, sometimes seen on this coast, is the same creature of which Victor Hugo wrote in his novel "The Toilers of the Sea." It is known to scientists as the octopus. In appearance it is a horrible monster, with a huge head and body furnished with snake-like feelers, which sometimes grow to be thirty feet in length, and are as powerful in their grasp as the grip of a Sixth Ward politician on election 'boodle.'"

"You do not mean to tell me," queried the reporter, "that the flesh of such a creature is edible?"

"It is simply delicious when properly prepared. It should be cut into small pieces and stewed with herbs. It becomes then a jelly-like substance of delicate flavor that melts in the mouth. I regard the flesh of a devil-fish as a delicacy. There is another species of devil-fish which resembles [illegible]

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THE TARIFF.

An Earnest and Eloquent Plea for the Reduction of Import Duties.

Protection Without Restraint Means Monopoly, and Both Mean Death to American Commerce.

Speech of Mr. Anderson, of Iowa, on the Mills Bill, Delivered in the House of Representatives.

Our farmers in the West are more and more coming to understand that the beauties of protection, as portrayed by its advocates, relate to the condition of those who are the beneficiaries of the system, and not to those who foot the bills. But do not understand from what I here say, as to the balance of trade being against the farmers of the West and as to mortgages that rest upon their homes to meet that balance, that the people of that section of the country are in a forlorn and hopeless condition. I mean nothing of the kind. The farmers of the West are a proud and, considering their condition, a prosperous people, and with a fair fight a great future before them. But what I do mean to say is that there is unjust discrimination against them; that there are unjust and onerous limitations placed upon them and their industry, and that the contest that they are engaged in with the agents of the protective pools of the country, backed by the sovereign power of the Government, is an unequal contest. And it is for the reason that the discussion of that phase of protection involved in the pending measure will arrest the attention of the public and lead to the discussion of protection in general that I hail with unfeigned pleasure the present debate.

When the smoke of battle shall have lifted from the field and the people calmly and dispassionately consider the facts as they shall then appear, they will see that a pool is a pool; that a trust is a trust; that protection is protection, whether relating to foreign or domestic concerns, the leading, vital principle of the life of all of them being the destruction of the principle of competition. Protection without proper restraint means monopoly, and both mean death to the most vital and efficacious principle of American commerce—competition. Competition means fair play, monopoly means foul play; and it means foul play on the highest authority, for it surrounds men with conditions of temptation that subvert all honesty and leads us up to where we can appreciate as never before, perhaps, the full force and meaning of that portion of the Lord's Prayer which prescribes the absence of temptation as a precondition on which man shall gain the kingdom of heaven. But as odious as the principle may be, its application may be at times, and doubtless is as necessary in the complex affairs of [illegible] as the deadly poisons are necessary in the practice of the life-saving science of medicine.

But happily for the country the time has come when the farmers of the great West have such time for thought and action with reference to their own affairs as to see to it that a line of policy is marked out that has a tendency to equalize the burdens and the benefits between the different sections of the country and the industries peculiar to each. And speaking for myself as a citizen of one of the great commonwealths of the West, which I have the honor in part to represent, I will say that the West will meet this question in the broad-minded, generous spirit with which she has ever come to the discharge of her duties to the Republic, but in so doing she will endeavor to disabuse the minds of our Eastern protection friends of the impression they seem to have gained from the expressions of Western representatives with Eastern ideas, that we are such dull, obtuse, and easily deceived people as not to be able to tell a burden from a blessing, and that in acquiescing in the policy of a tariff for revenue with incidental protection we are doing it in obedience to duty, undeceived by the sophistries of the modern protectionist, who is ready to subscribe to his idol all the blessings that have come to man in this goodly land. The matter of tax-paying is business and no [illegible] amount of sophistry can make it otherwise.

The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the needs of the Government for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1888, and ending June, 1889, at [illegible]. He also estimates that there will come into the Treasury within that time from—

Customs duties	$228,000,000
Internal revenue	120,000,000
All other sources	35,000,000
Making a total of	$383,000,000

being [illegible] in excess of the needs of the Government for the ensuing year.

All, or nearly all, agree that there should be such a recast of the revenue laws of the country as to leave that surplus [illegible] in the pockets of the men to whom the property it is.

All, or nearly all, agree that the obligations of the Government [illegible] administered, are the just measure of taxation.

To meet these obligations is stern business, and no array of [illegible] of statistics can obscure the fact that the [illegible] people who pay this vast sum of $225,000,000 are the people who consume the articles on which this burden directly and indirectly rests. This much is clear [illegible] the protectionist, feeling that the burden [illegible] in view of this mighty [illegible] business of $225,000,000 [illegible] endeavors to show [illegible] Federal invention and another [illegible] contributions to protection has [illegible] in the development of home industries and the increased wages of labor.

Concede this [illegible] to be literally true, and it is the [illegible] eleven [illegible] twenty [illegible]. Look at a few figures and contemplate [illegible] deducible [illegible] and you will [illegible] the conclusion that as a mere investment [illegible] it is cheaper [illegible] better [illegible] stock in the Standard Oil Trust [illegible] their own [illegible]. According to the Tenth Census—

The whole number [illegible]	50,155,783
Total number [illegible] manufactures and mining	3,837,112
Total	46,318,671

Here we have 46,318,671 people paying $185,522,095 of [illegible] an increase in the wages of 3,837,112 [illegible] at the rate of $48.64 per head for every man, woman and child thus employed, or $4.02 per head for the 46,318,671; or for the Congressional district which I have the honor to represent the farmers would have paid the enormous sum of [illegible] for the development of industries they do not own and to increase the wages of people they will not employ. And on the estimates of this year by the Secretary of the Treasury the amount of import duties will reach [illegible], which will amount to $4.27 for every man, woman, and child in the United States, or [illegible] for my Congressional district. [illegible] only momentarily, for the [illegible] the claims of the protectionists [illegible] as a common [illegible] the development of [illegible] no pecuniary interest [illegible] excessively [illegible] for the temporary [illegible] of any value.

And, Mr. Chairman, as to the claim that protection increases the wages of labor, I have something to say. In the first place I deny that we are indebted to the tariff in any degree for the difference in wages in this country and in Europe. And in the second place, conceding for argument's sake the point, I deny that the [illegible] proposes any such [illegible] to decrease imports as to interfere in the [illegible] degree with the wages of those engaged in this country in the production of the [illegible] articles, and on these points I desire to [illegible] in my judgment, [illegible] both. The higher wages of labor in this country are due to several causes, and none of those the tariff, for [illegible] the manufacturers [illegible] to an extent that enabled them to execute their purpose, they have in every instance proved recreant to their professed friendship to labor, and have taken the proceeds of the protective legislation, generously given them in the interest of their workmen, and coolly put in their own pockets; and as the absence of evidence is sometimes as strong as affirmative proof, I point to the remarkable fact that the entire history of protective legislation, so far as my research goes, fails to disclose a single instance where the wages of the laborer in a given industry were increased by reason of the imposition of an import duty or the increase of a duty already imposed.

It is true that as to this question, as to most others, they present columns of figures showing that wages in this country are higher than in other countries, and then presumptuously claim the difference as a trophy of protection. And while there is no proof that the tariff has anything to do with the increase of wages, there are many circumstances, like the varying wages in adjacent cities with the same tariff conditions, that abundantly prove that the lion's share of the benefits is as notably shown in the steel-works of Edgar Thompson given the American manufacturer goes into the pockets of the rich proprietor. Among the leading and prime conditions which account for the greater wages American laborers receive over foreign laborers is in the superiority of American labor, and on that point I submit as high protective authority an extract from a letter by Hon. W. M. Evarts, then Secretary of State and now a Republican United States Senator from New York, transmitting to Congress May 17, 1879, the Consular reports on the state of labor in Europe. He says:

"The average American workman performs from one and one-half to twice as much work in a given time as the average European workman. This is so important a point in connection with our ability to compete with the cheap labor manufactures of Europe, and it seems at first thought so strange that I will trouble you with somewhat lengthy quotations from the reports in support thereof. * * *

"For the first time our manufactures are now assuming international proportions. At a time of universal depression we have met those [illegible]

But if this superiority of American labor over the pauper labor of Europe did not more than account for the difference in wages, still the American manufacturer would have no cause of complaint against the pending bill, as the per cent. of duty imposed on every article is in every instance largely in excess of the per cent. which the labor represents in the article produced in this country.

Making protection to American labor the leading ground for asking laws protecting them from foreign competition with the cheap products of pauper labor, the American people have consented to take upon themselves the great burden of adding, as the law stands at present, 47 per cent. to the price of the whole range of dutiable articles, which, taking the estimated value of such articles at $2,500,000,000, and one-half the duty as added to the price, we have the enormous sum, in round numbers, of about $600,000,000 that the American laborer should receive. The following table of statistics, prepared by Mr. Seaton, Superintendent of the Tenth Census, and extended to show the present and proposed tariff rates by the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. McMillin), demonstrates the fact that as to the articles named in the table labor, receives only 16.9 per cent., while the per cent. of protection demanded for it by the manufacturer and generously accorded by the people amounts to 69 per cent.:

Table, compiled from the Tenth Census, showing value of various manufactured products, per cent. of labor cost, rate of duty existing and proposed:

Industries.	Value of product.	Labor.	Percentage of labor.	Present tariff.	Proposed rate.
				Per ct.	Per ct.
Carpets	$31,792,802	$6,835,218	21.5	47	30
Cotton goods	210,950,383	45,614,419	21.6	50	40
Bolts, nuts, etc.	10,073,350	1,984,300	19.7	59	35
Nails & spikes	5,629,240	1,255,171	22.3	43	34
Iron pipe, wr't	13,242,162	1,788,258	13.5	70	35
Oil, castor	653,900	44,711	6.8	194	97
Oil, linseed	15,393,812	681,677	4.4	54	21
Screws	2,181,532	456,542	20.9	50	35
Wool hats	8,516,569	1,893,215	22.2	54	49
Woolen goods	160,606,721	25,836,392	16.1	70	49
Worsted goods	33,549,942	5,683,027	16.9	68	49

This exhibit discloses the fact that the manufacturers have not dealt in good faith with this question, and that they have cheated both the people and their employes, or, in other words, are guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses. On this estimate they have retained 52.1 per cent. of the amount granted them on account of labor, and the mild form of punishment they receive at the hands of the pending measure which is characterized by the protectionist advocates as "an assault upon home industries," is a reduction of duties to such a point only as leaves them an average of 40.7 per cent., or 23.8 per cent. more than the average wages the manufacturers are now paying their employes. It would seem that on this showing the American manufacturer, tempering his greed with prudence, would be less presumptuous in his demands and less offensive and provocative in his treatment of his victims.

Here he stands as the exponent of a system that has filched from the people hundreds of millions annually on one false pretense and another, not only not offering to make any restitution to the laboring men of these millions whose property it equitably and rightfully is, but is fighting with the desperation of a wild beast to prevent any modification of this great burden of exaction in the future. Protectionists might as well understand that this fight is on to a finish, and that there will be no rest in this country until this system of plundering the American people in the name of American labor shall be torn, root and branch, from our revenue policy and cast out forever. And certainly every laboring man in whose name this outrage is committed is interested in seeing this end accomplished, or at least in seeing that there is a division of the spoils in harmony with the conditions on which it is procured.

In truth, evidence multiplies on every hand that the manufacturer, the capitalist, and not the laborer, is the beneficiary of our protective system. Were it not so, Mr. Chairman, instead of bringing into this country in great numbers pauper laborers of Europe to take the place of American laborers, our protection friends would join in the movement to put a high protective duty on such labor importations and thus show themselves not only the friends of the laboring man but consistent protective tariff advocates.

And the laboring man is not such a fool as not to know that it is a much graver crime against him and his family to import pauper labor to drive him out of business or bring him down to starvation wages than it is to import merely the product of that pauper labor. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent by these protected industries in preparing arguments bristling with statistics to show the blessings of taxing one class of people to sustain the business of another class of people, and great enterprise and ingenuity, without regard to expense, is exhibited in placing these arguments where they will do the most good.

They are made to appear as original matter in an editorial [illegible] as the disinterested sentiments of the editor, and they are sent in season and [illegible] into the homes of the farmers [illegible] their victims in order to hold them in a [illegible] repose. But when the argument [illegible] appears but one fact beyond [illegible] doubt, and that is the cost [illegible] of dutiable articles in this country, whether they be foreign or domestic, pay [illegible] what they would have to pay but for the tariff, the tariff duty whatever it may be, [illegible] at present, as now, or more or less; in other words, if the tariff is at the rate of 47 per cent. of the value of dutiable goods, the consumers pay an excess of 47 per cent. over and above what they would [illegible] free-trade. The importer adds the tariff [illegible] to the cost of his goods, and then takes the price fixed by the American manufacturer [illegible] enhanced price, and [illegible] the amount required by consumers [illegible] billions of dollars [illegible] their manufactures [illegible]. Of course these figures may not be correct in every instance, but they are [illegible] a basis of calculation for all practical purposes in illustrating the [illegible] greater or less degree the size of the burden borne by the American people in the name of protection to American industries.

Vehement denial [illegible] is added to the cost, and specious arguments to show that dutiable articles are produced in this country as cheaply as abroad, [illegible] no matter how plausible, tainted with [illegible] and great uncertainty, in view of a few established facts about which there never has been any doubt. And the skeptic is altogether [illegible], for he sees the American manufacturer spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to keep the European manufacturer out of the American market, and he sees the European manufacturer so eager to get into this market that he is willing to pay about $225,000,000 per annum for the mere chance of having his products exposed in our markets. The American manufacturer is fleecing his victims at such a rate that the European manufacturer can afford to pay $225,000,000 per annum for a stand in our market-place. This is a condition and not a theory. And while there is but one single fact about which there is no controversy, and that the [illegible] that the consumers of the classes of articles subject to duty pay the duty, all else as to [illegible] the line being mere speculation [illegible] of the protectionist, the wise and safe [illegible] is to hold fast to the faith [illegible] the fathers of the Republican party [illegible] protected interests [illegible] assumed [illegible] proportions and [illegible] a power over the minds of men [illegible] have over the commerce and industries of the country.

The Republican party [illegible] this rule and [illegible] in legislation [illegible] their voice could be heard to-day a vast majority of the people of Iowa at least would declare in favor of a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection, in such sum as, added to the internal revenue taxes paid in under existing laws, would meet the just obligations of the Government, honestly and economically administered. When I ask my neighbor to pay me $2 for an article, the product of my labor, that he can buy across the way for $1, there rests on me a decisive burden to explain to my neighbor how on business principles he can afford to do that thing, and the explanation will be largely in the nature of the venerable and often-told story in which a white man and an Indian and a turkey and a buzzard were the leading characters. Of the $228,000,000, the estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury of the receipts of the Government for the ensuing year from tariff duties, $100,000,000 at least will be paid by the farmers, estimating their numbers at the moderate sum of 44 per cent. of the population of the United States; and they will pay it because they have to pay it as good citizens, and not for the reason that they regard it a privilege and a blessing.

They know they must bear a just proportion of the tax, and that to pay it in this disguised way, when they have some voice in determining the amount of it, more or less, as they will to buy more or less of dutiable articles, is perhaps quite as satisfactory as to pay a fixed sum over the Treasurer's counter, as they do to State and county taxes, and which if not paid exposes their property to distraint and sale. But the tax-payers of the Eighth Iowa District, which I have the honor to represent, in paying $725,930, their proportion of the $228,000,000, the estimate for the current year, will demand that there be such a reduction of the revenues as will bring this enormous burden to the smallest possible amount. And the people of Iowa are in such earnest mood on this and kindred subjects that no amount of sophistry as to benefits accruing from protection nor juggling as to the non-partisan character of the question will induce them to forego holding individuals personally responsible for their official action. A Representative will not this year be permitted to vote with the trusts and then plead in his defense that his action was not political action.

Nothing but large and well-trained majorities, held together by force of habit, from long association and prejudice, and other than by principle, will return an Iowa member this year who, on any pretext, does not vote for a reduction of the excessive taxation that, in connection with other drains from other protected industries, is draining Iowa annually of her substance and putting $100,000,000 per annum in the Treasury more than is needed to meet the obligations of the Government. From long suffering the people have been seeking light, and, in my judgment, the time has come when the cry of "free-trade" and "British gold" will no longer [illegible] of the tax-payer from the [illegible] of Union soldiers' pensions or payment of the rebel debt. The time has come when the people can look after their own private interests, as contradistinguished from public affairs, without endangering the public weal. There is no longer any call to sacrifice personal for public interests. If the regulation of the tariff, the railroads, the telegraphs, the banks, and the trusts are not political and party questions, the people will make them party questions, and men who wish to remain in public life that do not seek to find some way of putting these institutions on an equality with the ignored farmers, who stand for one-half—and the better half—of the industry of this country, to the end that the hundreds of millions that the farmers are now paying in extortionate rates into custom-houses, railroad and telegraph offices, and banks, will be notified that their services are no longer wanted.

One of the most forceful schemes on the part of this combination of interests against the people has been the non-partisan dodge by which they (the pool agents) have maintained the equality of political forces by keeping one party as deep in the mire as the other in the mud, and the people left without any inducement to change their party relations. In my own State, where I am familiar with men and methods, the audacity of the corporation bosses, who associate themselves with the dominant party for the purpose of directing its course in the interest of monopolistic power, is largely born of the fact that a few leaders admitted to the councils of the minority share with them in their devotion to monopoly as well as in the spoils that follow such devotion.

For the purpose of opening up the way for men who want the benefits of belonging to party, and also want the benefits that accrue from doing those things that are in violation of party promises and party tradition, an ingenious way has been opened up that is worthy of the inventive ingenuity of the pool agents of the day. The declaration has gone out that the tariff is not a political question, and that therefore no party sin can be committed in relation to it, let the action of the individual be what it may. That this will prove as weak as most of the other propositions the agents of monopoly seek to sustain their cause with will appear when it is stated that according to Worcester's dictionary politics is defined as "the science or the art of government, or the administration of national or public affairs; that part of ethics which consists in the knowledge or practice of conducting the various affairs of a state or nation." It strikes me that raising the revenues is a part of the various "affairs" involved in "conducting the affairs of the state or nation." If on the leading question in politics, committed to the leading committee of the House, and whose chairman is conceded to be the leader of the House, party lines can not be drawn, it is a strong point made in support of the common charge, now so frequently heard everywhere, that parties have outlived their usefulness and are only able to draw the lines on historical questions, always breaking on all questions affecting banks, railroads, telegraphs, trusts, and Government-aided enterprises that are making private merchandise of the sovereign power of the people. The tariff question is a political question, and the Republican party has so recognized it, and has a well-defined position with reference to it, notwithstanding the fact that some of its self-constituted leaders are trying to harness it up in the interests of monopoly. The party faith, as formulated in its platforms and through the utterances of party leaders, as well as the general line of legislation it has enacted since it came to power, bind the party to the policy of a tariff for revenue so adjusted as to encourage home industry. In view of the fact that the Constitution limits the tariff to the revenue needs of the Government, and the further consideration, of a practical nature in the working out of that policy under the constitutional limitation, that the annual receipts from tariff are now about $225,000,000, and that Senator Sherman, a protectionist, and probably, from his long experience in public affairs of a financial character, the highest authority in the land, said, in a speech delivered in 1869, that—"the wit of man could not possibly devise a tariff that would yield $140,000,000 in gold without amply protecting our domestic industry"—there does not seem to be any other tenable ground for the party to stand on. The whole history of the party as a party shows this. The Whig party was the original tariff party in this country, and Henry Clay was the oracle and idol of his party in general and on that question in a special sense. Henry Clay, advocating this position from the standpoint of a patriot and as to its effect upon the whole country, asked for a temporary protective tariff for our American industries during their infancy, which is the exact position of General James A. Garfield (the last President the Republican party elected), as he defined his position on this question as being in favor of such protection as would lead to free trade. When the Whig party went into bankruptcy the Republican party fell heir to the assets, and especially to its position on the tariff; and consequently President Garfield was voicing the organic law of his party on the tariff when he declared himself in favor of only such protection as would lead to free trade.

Chester A. Arthur, elected as Vice President upon the ticket with Garfield, and whose admirable administration as Garfield's successor received the cordial indorsement of his party and made it possible for his party to prolong its power, declared in his last annual message in favor of "Such tariff reductions as may seem advisable when the result of recent revenue laws and commercial treaties shall have shown in what quarters those reductions may be most judiciously effected."

The "recent revenue laws" he there referred to as the result of the revision of 1883 were followed by increased, instead of reduced revenues, adding fresh force to his recommendation and proving the soundness of his political views. President Arthur's policy was the party policy, and that was, only such import duties as, taken in connection with the revenue from other existing sources, were needed to meet the obligations of the Government honestly administered.

The protection spoken of in the party platforms was the protection that came from a wise adjustment of the duties imposed.

President Arthur had three Secretaries of the Treasury: Charles J. Folger, of New York, an Eastern State; and General Gresham and Hugh McCulloch, of Indiana, a Western State; and all three were able and true representatives of the Republican party, and all three were outspoken for tariff reform.

Secretary Folger, in his report for 1883, recommended—

"That the duties upon the articles used by and consumed by those who are the least able to bear the burden of taxation should be reduced."

And Secretary McCulloch, in pointing out in his report the proper way in which to do this, said:

"1. That the existing duties upon raw materials which are to be used in manufacture should be removed.

"2. That the duties upon the articles used or consumed by those who are the less able to bear the burden of taxation should be reduced."

Again I desire to call attention to the fact, in order to emphasize it as it deserves in these days, when the hurling of the mere epithet of "free-trader" is expected to successfully degrade the work of tariff reform, that President Arthur's administration was not only a Republican administration but one that won exceptional commendation from his party, that found warm and generous expression in the resolutions of every party State convention held that year. Mr. Arthur's administration was but executing Republican principles in compliance with the Republican platforms; and the Chicago *Tribune*, the leading Republican newspaper in the United States, when measured by its devotion to the masses as against special interests, puts the situation in a nutshell and voices the sentiment of its party in the West when it says:

"Thus the last Republican administration anticipated by four years the recommendation just made to Congress by Mr. Cleveland and laid down the precise doctrine which, when uttered by a Democratic President, is now expected to excite the abhorrence of Republicans."

And passing from national to State affairs, I find that the record of the Republican party in Iowa is well defined as being for tariff with incidental protection; and in proof of this allegation I will submit the platform utterances of the party, as I have them at hand, until at an unfortunate moment monopolistic power largely dominated the State, and, taking advantage of the great diversion from its machinations created by the agitation of the prohibitory question, stole into the party platform in 1883 a paragraph declaring against any tinkering with the tariff.

I have been a Republican from my youth up, following, in peace and war, the fortunes of my party banner without breach of discipline during all these years, save in two instances, the most notable one being when I gave my somewhat cordial support to the candidacy of an independent Republican. How many of my brethren on this side of the House can say as much? And, however much my action in these instances may be open to criticism by that class of Republicans who have just made their last return from their latest escapade into the Democratic party, it does not alter the record of the Republican party in my State nor my family relation with it as a party to it. And I shall proceed to present it to the House.

In 1871 the Republican State Convention declared—

"That while we favor a just and reasonable degree of protection to all branches of American industry against foreign competition, we are unalterably opposed to any system of legislation which favors one section of the country or department of industrial enterprise at the expense of another, and therefore advocate such protection only as a fairly adjusted revenue tariff will afford."

In 1873—

"That we demand a general revision of the present tariff laws that shall give us free salt, iron, lumber, cotton and woolen fabrics, and reduce the whole thing to a revenue basis only."

In 1875—

"That we favor a tariff for revenue, so adjusted as to encourage home industry."

In 1877—

"That we favor a wisely adjusted tariff for revenue."

In 1878—

"That we favor a wisely adjusted tariff for revenue."

In 1879 the very same words occur in the eighth paragraph of the Republican platform. And as late as 1880 the then Republican Governor of Iowa put a paragraph in his inaugural message speaking in hostile terms against the prohibitory duty of $28 on steel rails as being a grievous burden on the farmers, by making railroad building more expensive and transportation of their products higher, and asking the Legislature to memorialize Congress to reduce or abolish [illegible] Mr. Chairman [illegible]

A great change, however, has taken place within the party within the last two years. The party, enraged by the shameful manner in which it had been misrepresented in a legislative way, arose in its might and displaced the recreant public servants in such decisive numbers that the last Legislature of that State enacted several propositions into law that former Legislatures had refused to listen to. Corporate monopoly power has received hard blows in Iowa within the last two years.

Its executive and legislative departments have been retrieved by the people, and with vigilance on the part of the earnest men of the party more valuable ground will be gained. Pools, trusts, special rates, and other monopolistic contrivances for the prevention of competition and the distribution of favors among the friends of corporate control have been legislatively denounced. And as high protective-tariff interests have everywhere made common cause with the railroads, the telegraphs, and the trusts, and advanced from the old-time doctrine of tariff for revenue, with incidental protection, to protection for the sake of protection, no matter how much money was thereby being taken from the people and hoarded in the Treasury, so this class of tariff pretensions have met the fate of the company they kept and have in Iowa retired to the old ground; and I have not the least doubt but that the wise heads of the party will advise a retreat on this question to the point it occupied before being carried away by the pools and the trusts. And Iowa's representative Republicans have been more outspoken in official life than even their party through its platform.

In July, 1866, the revision of the tariff was before the Congress. Then, as now, the high-tariff men were telling the West they would receive benefits in this way, and that which Hon. John A. Kasson, one of the ablest and most popular men Iowa ever produced, and whom it kept continuously in office until within the last three years, when he voluntarily retired, told the House such propositions were "illogical" and "absurd." "What you call protection," he said, answering the New England sophistries, "amounts, therefore, simply to an equal robbery; taking from one home interest to pay another." The bill under discussion then was very similar to existing law. Again, in the same speech, speaking of the then pending bill, Mr. Kasson said:

"And now what does this bill do? It raises the tariff on lumber, which is so necessary to the Western prairie farmer; on nails, without which he cannot drive his boards on his house or build his fence; and on salt, without which he cannot preserve his beef and pork. There is hardly a thing we consume which this bill forgets to raise the duty upon. Every prominent necessity of life, food, fuel, shelter, and clothing is embraced and made more expensive to the consumer throughout the country. Even on boys' pocket-knives the duty is increased about three times, 600 per cent., one member of the committee tells me; and yet it is said this is a tariff for mere protection."

James W. Grimes, Iowa's first Republican Governor, her most gifted Senator during the war, and whose history is one of the brightest legacies Iowa has inherited, from his place in the Senate on Jan. 24, 1867, the question of the tariff being under consideration, spoke as follows:

"Mr. President, the man who opposes the passage of this bill must expect to be slandered. The 'protectionists,' as they choose to call themselves, have already opened the vials of their indignant wrath upon the heads of those whose opposition they anticipated. Threats of utter political extinction are hurled against every man who, in the exercise of an independent judgment, is not prepared to impose upon his constituents the burdens which the various manufacturing combinations demand. That portion of the public press suborned to their interest is rife with charges that 'the Capital is thronged with free-traders, and that British gold is operating to secure American legislation for British interests.' Every man is condemned in advance who would inquire before he would vote.

"We know what all this means, and so far as I have the ability, I am resolved that the people shall know what it means.

"It means that two or three large manufacturing interests in the country, not satisfied with the enormous profits they have realized during the last six years, are determined at whatever hazard to put more money in their pockets; and to this end they have persuaded some and coerced other manufacturing interests to unite with them in a great combination to demand for what they call protection to American labor, but what some others call robbery of the American laborer and agriculturist. * * * It is the fashion to denounce every man who does not favor a prohibitory tariff as a free-trader. The charge is made that free-trade agents are at work to influence Congress, and that our tables are incumbered with free-trade documents. Who has seen these free-trade agents? I have yet to see the first man who was in favor of free-trade, nor have I seen any man who was opposed to a revenue tariff which would incidentally protect such branches of American industry as needed the fostering aid of the Government. It is a question of detail that we differ. We disagree as to how much money shall be taken from the pockets of Peter to support and enrich his brother Paul."

Hon. W. B. Allison is an Iowa Republican who has served in Congress since 1863, and was for several years a member of the Ways and Means Committee in the House. On March 26, 1870, in the House, discussing the tariff bill then pending, Senator Allison said:

"The agricultural interest, it will be seen, is much the largest, both as [illegible] as a greater producer as well as in the number of persons employed. [illegible] Wilson [illegible] New England [illegible] wheat [illegible] Hungarian [illegible] fields [illegible] as compared with our own as a [illegible].

"But I am told we must seek [illegible] to furnish a home market for our agricultural products, and this can only be done by high tariff. Any one examining the subject will see that our agricultural products increase more rapidly than our population, so that if we do not export these products in their natural condition, we must do so by converting them into manufactured articles, and export these articles. But this can not be done under a high tariff, for all nations will buy manufactured products where they are the cheapest, and the nation selling the cheapest will control the market. This rule excludes our highly taxed manufactures from the markets of the world, although we have natural advantages [illegible]."

[illegible]

As a Western man I [illegible] with that protection [illegible] in this country [illegible] trusts [illegible] their object [illegible] and while [illegible] for all these trusts that are [illegible] on [illegible] stocks [illegible] laws have [illegible] to such an extent as to put the people who pay the bills on their guard. The history and growth of protection in this country prove this. In the first place, protection was only demanded for our "infant industries." Then, again, it was presented in the shape of a war necessity, to raise the extraordinary sums of money needed to defend the nation's life; and in this connection, in consideration of the heavy tax imposed upon manufactured articles under the internal revenue system, the duties on imports were largely increased with the distinct pledge and understanding that when the internal revenue taxes were removed the duties on imports levied to meet them should also be removed.

Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who reported the bill to increase the duties on imports, stated that the increase was necessary as an "equivalent" to the internal-revenue taxes imposed on manufactured articles. This was in the long session of 1864, and at the close of his speech he made this distinct pledge:

"This is intended as a war measure, a temporary measure, and we must give it our support as such."

And again, as—

"A war measure imposed by the necessities of the Government, the scarcity of laborers, and the enormous direct taxation."

From this history it appears that it was reserved for the later advocates of protection to put their claim on its own merits as a permanent system. The earlier advocates of protection and all those who spoke for it, up to the day when monopolistic power, through pools and trusts, began to feel that it owned the country, did not pretend that the manufacturers of this country needed legislative aid save in a temporary way, and the country, relying upon the good faith of the statements thus made, acceded to their demands. Protection has run nearly the whole gamut of subterfuges, pleading, among other things, its own infancy and its country's misfortunes as the different reasons why the people should give it aid, promising solemnly in each instance that when the reason for the tax had ceased the tax itself should cease. But the friends of this special interest are fertile in resources, and now, when infancy has passed, when the misfortunes of war are over, and the taxes on manufactured products are removed, and the people come to claim their own according to the bond, they are met with another subterfuge.

Recognizing a need of an apparent growth in grace, the alleged friends of protection are massing [illegible] on high moral grounds, and are [illegible] before the tax is removed [illegible] necessities the tax must be [illegible] violated? Not only so, but in many instances we find the beneficiaries of this aid combining to regulate and forestall the market value of their own products and cheat the country out of the benefits of the promised competition among themselves after the country generously conceded them the protection asked from foreign competition.

With this kind of record before the country, can protectionists complain if some people should suspect protection capable of making common cause with the monopolistic interest of the country, and that the miraculous conversion to their cause that they parade as the result of honest research and enlightened understanding, are simply the effects of a prudent and well-disposed extension of the metallic influences of a most lucrative system? If protection has not been recreant to an indulgent people, it has been peculiarly unfortunate in the record it has made, and can not blame the people, and especially the farmers of the West, whose interests in any view of the case are most remote and most doubtful, for wanting a showing of assets and a general accounting of stock.

For these reasons the people of the West turn instinctively to a modification of the tariff for a reduction of the revenues to a point commensurate with the needs of the Government.

VICTORY FOR REFORM.

The Mills Tariff Bill Passed by the People's Representatives.

The Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee Makes a Strong Speech Before the Roll-call.

A Clear Analysis of the Measure—He Shows Why It Will Benefit the Laboring People.

[Washington dispatch.]

Crowded galleries and a good attendance of members on the floor greeted Chairman Mills as he rose in his place to close the long debate on the tariff bill. Mr. Mills, after offering two amendments intended to correct typographical errors in the bill, moved the previous question on them and they were adopted. He then proceeded to address the House, beginning by stating the condition of the finances of the Government, placing the surplus at $120,000,000. This, he said, should arrest the attention of the country. It represented unnecessary taxation drawn from the people and piled up in the Treasury. It was taxation levied upon the product of labor. It was an iniquity. This enormous amount of money was constantly lowering prices and piling an enormous load on labor and increasing the benefits of the privileged classes. How long would it be before stagnation would occur and bankruptcy and ruin flock together over the land? The majority had attempted to bring before the House a bill to reduce this taxation and lessen the inflow of money into the Treasury.

By the amendments which had been made in committee of the whole the total reduction of duties had fallen from $53,000,000 to $50,000,000, the free list from $22,000,000 to $20,000,000. The relative rate of duty had fallen from $47.10, not to $40, but to $42.49, and yet this measure, so very moderate, was characterized as a free-trade measure. Was $42.49 on every $100 free trade? It was an enormous amount of taxation. It was a tax which the wealth of this country would not permit to stand for a moment. State taxation was levied on lands, houses, stock, bonds, horses, and cattle, and the property owners would not permit any party or administration to remain in power an hour which would levy a tax of $5 on the hundred. Yet this bill, carrying a tax of $42.49, was characterized as a free-trade measure. The term free trade seemed to have a double meaning. Some gentleman seemed to understand that free trade meant the absolute unfettering of our foreign commerce from all taxation. The Democratic party had used the term free trade as a term expressing the freedom of our commerce from all obstruction save that of just and necessary taxation to support the economical administration of the government. The tariff of 1846 had been called a free-trade tariff, and he had himself spoken of the decade from 1850 to 1860 as the free-trade period, because in that time commerce was not restricted by obstructions thrown in its way by capitalists and monopolists.

He then proceeded to take up and discuss in detail the various schedules of the bill, beginning with those dealing with chemicals. The present duty on chemicals, he said, was 32.7 per cent. The proposed bill placed it at 28.17, a reduction of a little over 4 in the hundred. Gentlemen called that free trade. The next was the earthenware and glass schedule. The duty under the existing law was [illegible] on every $100. The bill fixed it at [illegible]. That was free trade, too, he supposed. If [illegible] taxation on every $100 was free trade, in God's name would some one tell him what was meant by the term protection?

Sugar was found at a duty of [illegible] and the committee reduced it to [illegible]. [illegible]

The duty on cotton goods under the existing law was [illegible]. [illegible] Yet it was charged that this was a free-trade measure. [illegible] Where did the free trade come in on that? The $12,000,000 revenue from cotton had been reduced only $277,000. The duty on hemp, jute and flax was at present $28.5[illegible]. It was left at $21.[illegible]. This reduction of only $6 was brought about to a great extent by the putting of a large amount of jute and hemp and manila on the free list. The present duty on wool and woolens is [illegible]. The committee bill left it at [illegible], a reduction of over $20 on every $100 of taxation. This reduction seemed large, but it was caused by the placing of raw wool on the free list. The reduction on dutiable woolen goods amounted to $12,000,000, but the woolen manufacturer was not injured. He was benefited. This bill gave the manufacturer free wool and 40 per cent. taxation [illegible]. The duty on [illegible] was now [illegible]. The bill left it at [illegible], less than [illegible]. [illegible] steel rails [illegible].

Mr. Mills then addressed himself to the consideration of the free list. On that list have been placed articles amounting to [illegible]. The largest was wool, from which [illegible] was received. When the Democrats wished to put wool upon the free list they were charged with [illegible]. The gentlemen who were charging the Democratic side of the House with [illegible] had taken the duty off cotton and put that article on the free list, and [illegible] being free-traders because they wanted to give back to the people this bounty on an article to which God had prepared for them.

The duty on cotton ties, which were placed on the free list, amounted to $121,000. It was charged that the bill was sectional because it placed cotton ties on the free list. Did the gentlemen from the Northwest ever think that when they abolished that $121,000 they enabled the poor people of the South to buy more of their horses, their beef, and their flour. Just in proportion as the people of the Northwest overtaxed their countrymen of the South, they crippled their own capacity to sell.

In placing Zante currants, which grew in but one spot in the whole world, on the free list, the Democrats were charged with being free-traders. Gentlemen on the other side said: "You must tax the people on their clothes, on their food, on their employment of labor, and if you want anything free, take a drink of whisky."

He discussed and defended the repeal of the duty on lumber. It was time that the poor people should be considered in the reduction of taxes. The taxes had been removed from incomes, from manufactures, from railroads, from telephone and telegraph companies, and from express companies, and now the Democratic party came upon the stand and said that it intended to help the man in the log-house on the prairie and give him free lumber.

The duty on burlaps was [illegible]. Every yard was made abroad and the duty brought money into the country which was not needed. It was better that the people who need burlaps should have the money. The government did not need it. It was injuring the prosperity of the country, and the Democrats proposed to place burlaps on the free list. For doing this they were charged with being free-traders. No reduction of the tariff commended itself to the judgment of those who make the charge, unless it was coupled with free whisky.

Hemp and jute had been placed on the free list to the amount of $1,700,000. Gentlemen on the other side said that this would ruin the flax and hemp industry of this country. For years an attempt had been made to establish that industry here, but, notwithstanding all the milk that was given this babe, it refused to prosper. The hemp business was dying, it soon must disappear, and, therefore, hemp had been placed upon the free list.

The duty on opium, which amounted to $467,000, had been removed. Not an ounce of it was grown in the United States, but [illegible]

list. Ostriches were not found on the Western prairie or in the Northern forests, but our beautiful females wanted ostrich feathers, and they would want some when Grover Cleveland was inaugurated on March 4 next.

Returning to the woolen schedule, Mr. Mills said that the bill proposed to reduce the duties on woolen goods by taking taxation on the wool that was not raised by skilled labor and scarcely by any labor at all. It grew on the sheep. The sheep produced it. He had heard much sympathy expressed for the sheep. The Democratic party's sympathy was for men, not sheep. It proposed to bring down the price of woolen clothing so that the poor people could get it to wear in winter. The people to-day were compelled to wear carpet instead of clothing wool, and now the wool growers and wool manufacturers came to an agreement that the duty should be so high that no wool and no woolen goods could be brought in. He supposed that the people could afford to go naked, but for him and his party he would say, "Wear good clothes and vote the Democratic ticket." Wool has been put upon the free list not only to cheapen the clothing but in order that our workmen might have the making of the $44,000,000 worth of woolen goods that were imported into this country. It was proposed to let all the wool the people required come in free and let our own people make the woolen goods. This would increase the demand for labor and in thus increasing the demand for labor increase the rate of wages.

The great central truth in this bill was that it was a bill to benefit the condition and increase the wages of the laboring people. We were the greatest manufacturing people in the world, the greatest agricultural people, the most skilled people, the most intelligent and smartest and inventive people in the world, and all we wanted was for our Government to take its meddling hand out of our business. All the people wanted was to have the Government tell them how much it needed for its support and then let their business alone. Let the people have free raw material in order that they might reduce the cost of the product, for the cost of the product was to determine the standing of the market. If the people of the United States could produce a product cheaper than any other people they would capture the markets. The manufacturers of this country should have the raw material free and thus be placed on the same basis as manufacturers of other countries. The American manufacturer should have a free field and an open fight. The Democrats were going to give it to him without trying to fry the fat out of anybody. They did not propose to debauch the American people in order to buy their judgment at the polls. They intend to go before the country and appeal to the judgment and intelligence and virtue of the people, in the confident reliance that the people would speak as they had always spoken for the welfare and prosperity of the country.

Alluding to the attempts to defeat his re-election, he stated that money was being brought into the Ninth Congressional District of Texas for the purpose of accomplishing that object, but he wanted to say once for all that the people of that district were not for sale.

He wanted to refer to that celebrated suit of clothes. When he opened the debate of April 17 he made the statement that if a suit of clothes could be bought for five days' labor and the tariff on that suit was 100 per cent. it would increase the cost of the clothes to ten days' labor. The gentleman from Ohio (Mr. McKinley) had produced a suit of clothes and said: "Here is a suit of clothes bought for $10 in Boston." He (Mills) had taken pains to trace that suit of clothes up. Its exact cost was $6.68; it weighed four pounds and four ounces; the labor cost was $1.65. It required seventeen pounds of wool to make that suit of clothes, which, at a duty of ten cents per pound, amounted to $1.70, which subtracted from $6.68, gave $4.98 as the cost of that $10 suit. He was told that that suit was to be photographed for use in the campaign. He hoped that the fact would be photographed on the minds of the people that this $10 suit cost less than $5, and that it cost ten days' labor to purchase it. The gentleman from Ohio (Mr. McKinley) had said that it was the old story, and he had read it in Adam Smith. That reminded him (Mr. Mills) of the boy who had stolen his brother's marbles. The little fellow told his mother, who called her other son before her, and reprimanding him for what he had done, said: "Don't you know the Lord will be angry with you? Are you not ashamed of yourself? Do you not know that the Bible says 'Thou shalt not steal'?" He replied: "Mother, that's the old story. Moses said that 4,000 years ago."

"It is the old story," said Mr. Mills, in conclusion. "We stand here in the face of the American people contending for the rights of the people who are plundered and wronged; who are appealing to Congress to do them justice, who are appealing for the right of protection in its best sense and asking Congress to shake the hand of monopoly from their pockets and let them have the proceeds of their own labor and, Mr. Chairman, we will do it."

As Mr. Mills finished he was warmly applauded by his fellow Democrats and the galleries, all of which were by this time crowded.

At the conclusion of Mr. Mills' speech all of the amendments were agreed to, with the exception of that on cotton ties, on which Mr. McKinley demanded a yea and nay vote, which was ordered. It resulted yeas 170, nays 128, and the amendment stands as agreed upon in committee of the whole.

The vote was then taken on the final passage of the bill, and resulted—yeas 162, nays 149.

The following Republicans were recorded in favor of the bill: [illegible]

[illegible]

The Mills tariff bill passed the House [illegible]. It had received 162 votes, of which [illegible] were Democrats and three [illegible] were Independent. [illegible] votes cast against the measure [illegible] were Democrats, and one [illegible] was an independent.

How to Prolong Life.

We all condemn the suicide, but we fail to see that the voluntary shortening of the natural term of existence is nothing else than slow suicide. Instead of fixing our minds on the infirmities which the old age of an ill-spent life sometimes exhibits, and for that reason despising and decrying old age itself, it would be a far more noble and manly course to nourish the natural desire of life, and to strive, in all rightful ways, to lengthen it as much as possible. Especially is this advisable because the same course which tends to prolong life also tends to improve and strengthen it.

Activity, without overwork, healthful living, moderation, self-control, the due exercise of all the faculties, the cultivation of the reason, the judgment, and the will, the nurture of kindly feelings, and the practice of doing good—all things, in fact, which tend to build up a noble manhood also prepare the way to a long life and a happy and blessed old age.—*Home Journal.*

True Education.

If every mother who reads the following note by the eminent Dr. Dana would act upon it, how much trouble and suffering would be saved.

"Education is responsible for many cases of this kind. The real object of true education is to train the child to a control of his feelings and his faculties. Children who do not receive discipline and are not taught regularity in habits, and the need of self-control, are much more liable to nervous disorder. Nervous children need not be taken from school necessarily. School discipline is often beneficial, but the parents should see that the studies are not burdensome, and that the child's eyes are not overtaxed. It is the worry of competition, poor light, late hours, bad air, and such accessories that do the harm. Work hurts no one, and a great deal of the talk about educational overpressure is wretched rubbish."

MANY housekeepers of the present day are entirely ignorant of the appearance of their kitchen, and leave the care of it in the hands of incompetent servants, who frequently neglect keeping it clean and tidy, which an occasional visit of inspection from the mistress would often obviate. There is no doubt in the world that a thoroughly clean kitchen is one of the healthiest and cheeriest places to be found. Every house ought to be clean from cellar to roof, but the kitchen should be particularly so. It is the place where the food that is to maintain the human body is prepared and served. Any dust or cobwebs or vile odors about the kitchen are sure to get into the food, and so help to poison the human victims fed thereby. But the breath of a kitchen fire and of healthy cooking are as invigorating as anything short of an ocean breeze.

FOR FRETFUL BABIES.—Take a large onion, wrap it in wet paper and roast thoroughly in hot ashes. Then tie up the soft pulp in a thin cloth, press out all the juice you can in a cup, and fill up with boiling water. Sweeten with white sugar, and feed baby on it, and [illegible] will be sur- [illegible]

The Adulteration of

Considerable alarm is being [illegible] just now by a goodly number of [illegible] ern editors over a lesson they [illegible] the recent severe illness of a [illegible] in Pennsylvania.

It seems that this youth was [illegible] by a violent and mysterious [illegible] which came very near proving [illegible] which for some time baffled all [illegible] efforts of the physicians to diagnose [illegible] cause. When, however, they [illegible] succeeded they did it in this way:

The young man had a best girl, [illegible] whom he was very fond. The girl had very rosy cheeks, and the young man, so the doctors found in the prosecution of their professional investigations, was in the habit of kissing those cheeks where they were richest and ripest. Furthermore, these learned medicine men discovered that the roses of the girl's cheeks were not natural, but artificial, produced by the application of certain cosmetics known to the female toilet table; and those cosmetics were poisonous, and that their patient in kissing the girl had partaken of so much of her color that he was poisoned and nearly lost his life thereby.

Granted that this is all true, we confess our inability to understand the consternation the case is creating among the younger of our masculine contemporaries of the North. To us all their talk about the danger of kissing and the necessity of swearing off is sheer nonsense. We cannot see how the case of this young man has any general application among people of taste. In the first place, a man who would kiss a girl on the cheeks deserves no sympathy, whatever may be the consequences. In the next place, a man who would kiss a girl who paints ought to be poisoned, and if the act itself carries with it its own proper penalty, it simply saves somebody the trouble of throwing him a dog-button.

The outcry which our Northern contemporaries are making over this ca[illegible] is not in the least complimentary to th[illegible] girls of that section. Is it possible th[illegible] so many of them paint as this woul[illegible] indicate? We refuse to believe it. [illegible] the same time we invite such of o[illegible] Northern contemporaries as are d[illegible] satisfied with the complexions of the girls to come out to Kentucky, whe[illegible] the roses of our sweethearts' cheeks a[illegible] perennial bloomers, always warranted to wash; and, paradoxical as it may sound, while their tints cannot be extracted, albeit, they somehow gush over him whose lips come in contact with them as though they were a whole summer rainbow twining about him and making a Maypole of his spinal column—a rainbow, in sooth, one end of which rests in the gardens of the Hesperides and the other in a jug of sugar-house molasses.

Come South, young man, come South.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Koumiss, and Where It Comes From.

The Bashkirs are renowned for their skill in making koumiss, or fermented mares' milk, which is now extensively consumed by patients suffering from dyspeptic and wasting diseases, and so easy is it of digestion that invalids drink ten, fifteen, and even twenty champagne bottles a day, whilst a Bashkir is able to overcome a couple of gallons at a sitting, and in an hour or two to be ready for more. To insure good koumiss it is essential that the mares be of the steppe breed, and fed on steppe pasture. They are milked from four to eight times a day, the foal being kept apart from the mother, and allowed to suck only in the night-time. The mare will not give her milk, however, unless at the time of milking her foal is brought to her side, when such is the [illegible] that, after sundry acts of [illegible] and smelling and kissing, the maternal feeling shows itself by her sometimes giving milk from both nipples at once.

Milking is done by the Bashkir women, who, taking a position close to the hind leg of the mare, rest on one knee, and on the other rests a pail directly under the udder, pulling at each nipple in turn, and receiving from three to four pints each at every milking. To make koumiss the milk is beaten up in a churn, not sufficiently to produce butter, and by fermentation is converted after twenty-four hours into weak koumiss, from which condition after twelve hours more it passes into a medium degree of strength, while strong koumiss is produced by assiduous agitation of the milk for two or three days, and it is then said to be slightly intoxicating.

We met at Orenburg Dr. Carrick, physician to the English Embassy at St. Petersburg, who was superintending an establishment in the steppe for condensing mares' milk for babies' food. They take away nine parts of the water by boiling the milk in vacuo, and preserve the remainder with glycerine, after which, by restoring the nine parts of water, milk can be remade for immediate use or fermented into koumiss. Mares' milk and human milk, it seems, are much alike, but each differs chemically from cows' milk. In Russia the medical faculty have spoken very highly indeed of the results obtained by the use of this mares' milk as infants' food.—*Dr. Lansdell, in Harper's Magazine.*

Tempered with Mercy.

The art critic stood in the north gallery of the National Academy of Design, and told his friend about the pictures.

"Now, here," he said, "here's this 'Sunset Near Quahaug,' of young Bichimen's. Now, that's a disgrace to the exhibition. No tone—no feeling—no quality—and the drawing makes me weep. If ever a picture deserved a dressing-down——"

Just here the clerk came along and stuck a "sold" card in the frame.

"But I'm not going to say so in the paper," the art critic concluded; "there's no use in discouraging a hard-working fellow like Bichimen, and he's got a mother to support."—*Puck.*

She Knew Him.

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?"

"Yes; but why do you ask?"

"Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."—*Judge.*

It's an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good.

"One thing, Maria," said the tarred-and-feathered gentleman, as his [illegible] was plucking him after the [illegible] "the tar [illegible]

Why You Feel

so weak and exhausted is because your blood is impure. As well expect the sanitary condition of a city to be perfect with defiled water and defective sewerage, as to expect such a complicated piece of mechanism as the human frame to be in good order with impure blood circulating even to its minutest veins. Do you know that every drop of your two or three gallons of blood passes through the heart and lungs in about two and a half minutes, and that, on its way, it makes bone and muscle, brain and nerve, and all other solids and fluids of the body? The blood is the great nourisher, or, as the Bible terms it,

"The Life of the Body."

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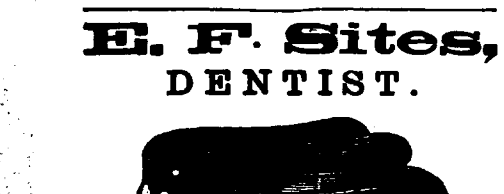

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Daily Sentinel

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R. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

For President—Grover Cleveland, of New York.

For Vice President—Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio.

Presidential Electors.

Electors at Large—Thomas E. Cobb, of Knox; John E. Lamb, of Vigo.

District Electors—First district, S. B. Vance; Second district, C. S. Dobbins; Third district, Charles L. Jewett; Fourth district, Nicholas Cornett; Fifth district, John R. East; Sixth district, Thomas J. Sturdy; Seventh district, David S. Gooding; Eighth district, S. B. Puett; Ninth district, John F. McHugh; Tenth district, J. W. Stewart; Eleventh district, John N. Turner; Twelfth district, John H. Bass; Thirteenth district, M. A. O. Packard.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor—Courtland C. Matson, of Putman county.

For Lieutenant-Governor—William R. Myers, Madison.

For Secretary of State—R. W. Miers, Monroe.

For Auditor—Charles A. Munson, Allen.

For Treasurer—Thomas B. Byrnes, Vanderburg.

For Reporter Supreme Court—John W. Kern, Howard.

For Attorney-General—John R. Wilson, Marion.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—E. E. Griffith, Clinton.

For Judges of the Supreme Court—First district, W. S. Niblack, Vanderburg; Second district, G. V. Howk, Floyd; Fourth district, Allen Zollars, Allen.

THE COUNTY TICKET.

For joint senator, Allen and Whitley counties, Fred J. Hayden, of Allen.

For joint representative, Allen and Huntington counties—W. S. Oppenheim.

For State Representatives—W. H. Shambaugh and Frank Gladio.

For Circuit Judge—Edward O'Rourke.

For Prosecuting Attorney—J. M. Robinson.

For Sheriff—Geo. H. Viberg.

For Treasurer—Isaac Mowrer.

For Coroner—Dr. A. J. Kessler.

For Surveyor—Henry Fischer.

For County Commissioners—First District, Jasper W. Jones, of Jackson Township; Second District, Henry Bullerman, St. Joe Township; Third District, John H. Brannan, City.

It is said that President Cleveland will visit Maine during the campaign.

Fort Wayne is growing steadily and everywhere there are evidences of it.

Nature and heaven rewards people who observe and keep holy the Sabbath day.

We are to have another picnic tomorrow. What would Fort Wayne do without a Sunday picnic?

General Harrison's biography is now in press. It is the only pressing demand it will experience.

The war tariff was 47 per cent. This the democrats would reduce to 40 per cent. How is this for free trade.

The New York musicians have begun a crusade against street bands, whom, they say, are imported at so much a day to degrade music.

The man who would have President Cleveland put his oath bound signature to a dishonest or fraudulent pension bill, is not honest and deserves no place on American soil.

The New York, Mahoning and Western road is in trouble, but it is coming right on to Fort Wayne just the same. We will get its main shops and terminal facilities. That point is settled.

The Lagrange *Democrat* remarks: "Allen county is putting herself in shape by nominating her own favorite sons all the way through, to give about six thousand democratic majority this fall."

State Treasurer Lemcke, a leading republican, has purchased an interest in the big woolen mills just established at Evansville. Mr. Lemcke evidently puts no faith in predictions of the Indianapolis *Journal* and other republicans that the Mills tariff bill is going to ruin the wool industry. It is a forcible illustration.

The immigration investigating committee, now in session in New York City, discovered, through the sworn testimony of the men themselves, that they were engaged by the republican committee to wear Harrison badges and to vote the republican ticket. A car load of the paid paupers returned to Italy the other day and General Harrison lost some votes. The exposure will cost him a great many more.

The *Daily News*, last evening, devoted a column or so to Colonel O'Rourke's congressional candidacy, in consideration of the time-cards it prints for the Grand Rapids road. Among the other falsehoods uttered the *News* spoke of a combination to nominate Hon. J. M. Barrett for congress. Mr. Barrett states that he knows of no such movement and is not a candidate for congress. Mr. Barrett, however, is one of the most popular democrats in the district.

POLITICAL GRATITUDE.

The *Journal* is not pleased with The Sentinel, and this is as high a compliment as they can contribute. It now proposes to censure The Sentinel for publishing extracts from the Twelfth district papers concerning the congressional candidates. All through this congressional canvass The Sentinel has been eminently fair and just to all the congressional aspirants. We have published complimentary references to Mr. M. V. B. Spencer, Hon. Wm. [illegible] given more complimentary press notices than any two of the other candidates mentioned and for our kindness enjoy his ingratitude, hate and ill will, backed by the sneers of the *Journal* in which he is a stockholder. The Sentinel has not expressed a preference in the congressional race—not one—and will not, but it will continue to publish a newspaper for the great democratic party, irrespective of the fellows who have spent the best part of their lives in trying to tear that party to pieces. It will not do for these people to trifle with fair play or juggle facts into falsehoods.

Allan Quatermain Shoots a Rhinoceros.

Taking my eight-bore and half a dozen spare cartridges in my pocket, I made a detour, and reaching the ant-heap in safety, lay down. For a moment the wind had dropped, but presently a gentle puff of air passed over me and blew on toward the rhinoceros. By-the way, I wonder what it is that smells so strong about a man? Is it his body or his breath? I have never been able to make out, but I saw somewhere the other day that in the duck decoys the man who is working the ducks holds a little piece of burning turf before his mouth, and that if he does this they cannot smell him, which looks as though it were the breath. Well, whatever it was about me that attracted his attention, the rhinoceros soon smelt me, and within half a minute after the puff of wind had passed he was up and turning round to get his head up-wind. There he stood for a few seconds and sniffed, and then he began to move, first of all at a trot; then, as the scent grew stronger, at a furious gallop. On he came, snorting like a runaway engine, with his tail stuck straight us in the air; if he had seen me lie down there he could not have made a better line. It was rather nervous work, I can tell you, lying there waiting for his onslought, for he looked like a mountain of flesh. I determined, however, not to fire till I could plainly see his eye, for I think that rule always gives one the right distance for big game. So I rested my rifle on the ant-heap and waited for him, kneeling. At last, when he was about forty yards away, I saw that the time had come, and aiming straight for the chest, I pulled.

Thud went the heavy bullet, and with a tremendous snort, over rolled the rhinocerous beneath its shock, just like a shot rabbit. But if I had thought that he was done for I was mistaken, for in another second he was up and coming at me as hard as ever, only with his head held low. I waited till he was within ten yards, in the hope that he would expose his chest, but he would do nothing of the sort. So I just had to fire at his head with the left barrel and take my chance. Well, as luck would have it, of course the animal put his horn in the way of the bullet, which cut clean through it about three inches above the root and then glanced off into space. After that things got rather serious. My gun was empty and the rhinoceros was rapidly arriving—so rapidly, indeed, that I came to the conclusion that I had better make way for him. Accordingly I jumped to my feet and ran to the right as hard as I could go. As I did so he arrived full tilt, knocked my friendly ant-heap flat, and for the second time that day went a most magnificent cropper. This gave me a few seconds' start and I ran down wind—my word, I did run! Unfortunately, however, my modest retreat was observed and the rhinoceros, as soon as he got his legs again, set to work to run after me. Now no man on earth can run as fast as an irritated rhinoceros can gallop, and I knew that he must soon catch me up. But having some slight experience of this sort of thing, I luckily for myself, kept my head, and as I fled I managed to open my rifle, get the old cartridges out and put two fresh ones in. To do this I had to steady my pace a little, and by the time that I had snapped the rifle to I heard him snorting and thundering away within a few paces of my back. I stopped, and as I did so rapidly cocked the rifle, and slewed round upon my heel. By this time the brute was within six or seven yards of me, but luckily his head was up. I lifted the rifle and fired at him. It was a snap shot, but the bullet struck him in the chest within three inches of the first and found its way into his lungs. It did not stop him, however; so all I could do was to bound to one side, which I did with surprising activity and as he brushed past me fire the other barrel into his side. That did for him. The ball passed in behind the shoulder and right through his heart. He fell over onto his side, gave one most awful squeal—a dozen pigs could not have made such a noise—and promptly died, keeping his wicked eyes wide open all the time.

As for me, I blew my nose, and going up to the rhinoceros, sat on his head, and reflected that I had had a capital morning's shooting.—*H. Rider Haggard's new story.*

Trying on Ladies' Shoes.

"Talking of trying on ladies' shoes," said a clerk in a prominent shoe store in this city, "it is one of the most delicate and arduous duties that falls to the lot of a salesman. Why, the most innocent remark may be construed into an affront and the clerk find himself called to account. Have you ever noticed that a boot and shoe man does very little talking?"

"Do you mean in selling goods?"

"Yes. Some years ago a clerk in a New Orleans shoe store lost his life by paying a lady a compliment about the size of her foot."

"Are Detroit ladies as sensitive on the subject?"

"It requires very nice discrimination to know when to pay a lady a compliment on the size of her foot. We have some ladies come in here who possess remarkably beautiful feet, and it would be worth my place if I made any remark about them. Then others—just as fastidious in all respects—will expect a little well-directed flattery, in fact, will challenge it by depreciating their feet. Then some ladies will not allow us to put their boots on, while others will treat us exactly as if we were footstools or button-hooks."

"Are ladies hard to please?"

"Well, I should just say so. Their feet are so tender they want to wear a loose shoe and they always buy a tight one. Then they always try them sitting down and it is the hardest work to get them to stand up and step around. Sometimes I am nearly distracted trying to get a good fit and one that will [illegible] to be returned. But ladies [illegible]

JENNY LIND'S TRIUMPH.

How She Came, Saw, and Conquered St Louis People.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Wyman Hall has long since disappeared. The recent death of Dr. Edward Wyman recalls to the memory of many old citizens the building that was situated just west of the present location of the Granite building, which was for years a famous place in the annals of St. Louis, as in the second story was located the only large hall of which the city could boast until the erection of the Mercantile Library building.

During 1849 and 1850 a number of entertainments were given in Wyman's Hall, but the spring of 1851 was its time of glory. Early in February of that year St. Louis was flooded with large posters and small handbills announcing the arival in the city of Jenny Lind, the famous "Swedish Nightingale," who at that time was on her triumphant tour through the country under the management of the great showman, Phineas T. Barnum.

Mr. Barnum's advance agent, after making a careful inspection of all the theaters then in existence, decided that Wyman's Hall was the only suitable place in which to give the concert, and engaged the hall for three evenings, paying what was then considered the enormous sum of $1,500 as rent. In order to accommodate as many auditors as possible, a temporary gallery was erected, capable of seating some 500 people.

Jenny Lind was announced to appear on March 18, and two days before the time Mr. Barnum arrived in the city, lodging at the old City Hotel, at that time kept by Mr. Theron Barnum. It had been determined to fix the price of tickets at $5, and to sell the choice of seats at auction. On the morning of the 17th of March an immense crowd gathered at the auction-room, comprising among its number nearly all the leading citizens of St. Louis. So great was the throng that only a small portion of those in attendance could obtain admission to the room, and it was decided to charge an admission fee of 10 cents, the proceeds to be devoted to charitable purposes.

P. T. Barnum took the rostrum, and after expatiating upon the great treat in store for St. Louis, and letting fall a hint that unless satisfactory results attended the auction Jenny Lind would not sing, offered the seats for sale.

The competition for first choice was very keen. Mr. Samuel Johnson, at that time the most fashionable hatter in the city, bid as high as $100, but retired from the contest when an Italian merchant, doing business on Second street, bid $150, thereby securing first choice. Mr. Johnson secured second choice, paying $100 privilege. Half a dozen seats sold at a premium of $75, some fifteen or twenty at $50, a large number at $25, while scarcely a seat sold for less than $5 in addition to the price of the ticket.

On the night of the concert the hall was packed with the most fashionable audience ever assembled in St. Louis. For squares about the hall the streets were jammed with an attentive throng, anxious to catch at least a few notes of the voice of the Swedish Nightingale. On March 20 Jenny Lind gave a second concert, on the 22nd a third on the 26th, by special request, a fourth.

On the morning of the 27th, just before her departure, she sent a check for $2,000 to Luther M. Kennett, Mayor of the city, to be devoted to charitable purposes. The entire city was wild with enthusiasm over the Scandinavian singer. She was made an honorary member of the Polyhymnian Society, and given a reception such as has never before or since been accorded to any singer in this city.

Care of the Nails.

"I can always detect a lady, in any disguise, by a look at her finger-nails," said a person of superfine grace of mind and person.

Is was a sweeping statement, and, like most such generalizations, should be qualified. One might say, instead, that although all persons possessed of handsome nails are not necessarily ladies, yet no lady would allow her hands to lack care. They need not receive artistic attention; but they must be clean and carefully trimmed.

Persons who possess well-filled purses can indulge in the luxury of a manicure's services, and thus relieve themselves of all responsibility as to their digits, but, with the great army of the impecunious, personal care and attention are necessary.

If one aims only at the simplest possible method of caring for the nails, he will find that very few utensils are required—a chamois-covered polisher, a little file for paring, and a powder for polishing, all of which can be bought of any apothecary.

An almond-shaped nail is very desirable, and to secure it, the skin which tends to grow over its base should be pushed down daily. This may be done with advantage every time the hands are bathed, for then the skin is soft and pliable.

One may use for the purpose a finger of the other hand covered by a towel, or the blunted ivory end of the little instrument connected with the file. A manicure is able skillfully to cut away this superfluous skin, but an unprofessional person is likely to do it bunglingly, with the result of hangnails.

The nails should be filed away at each side to insure their oval shape. Their length must depend upon the taste of the wearer, although the pianist finds his fashion prescribed by necessity, and is obliged literally to "cut his claws."

In cleaning them it is best to use a brush or an ivory point, as scraping with a sharp knife tends to harden them.

Polishing is done by placing a small quantity of powder on the chamois pad, and rubbing the nails back and forth.

Of course there are a hundred clever arts which may be employed in the interests of one's finger-ends, but the method given above is quite sufficient, if carefully and regularly followed, to keep them things of beauty.

Captains of Education.

We have captains of industry and finance. Why have we not captains of education—men of leisure and culture, capable of enthusiasm and initiative, ready to throw themselves into such a cause and give it their earnest consideration, their generous and active support!

Among the Greeks, Plato, Socrates, and Epictetus were the teachers. Where shall we look for our great leaders, patrons, even, who will see education in its true light, and force us to recognize teaching as one of the grandest of the [illegible] arts, for it goes to the [illegible] the artist himself and of [illegible]

The Plant Investment Company has just purchased 280 acres of land in the suburbs of Jacksonville, Fla., paying therefor $150,000. It has a water front of one mile on the St. John's River. Mr. Plant refuses to talk about the purchase, but the magnitude of the transaction indicates to those who are familiar with railroad matters in the State that the Plant Company contemplates making some radical change in their policy which will have great significance to Florida and other Southern States. Railroad men are under the impression that the Plant Company intend to transfer their headquarters from Savannah to Jacksonville in the near future.

A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood, it imparts new vigor to every function of the body.

The original estimate of the cost of the Congressional Library Building at Washington was $3,000,000, but under present plans an expenditure of $7,000,000 to $10,000,000 will be required to finish it.

A FRIGHTFUL SKIN DISEAS.

Sufferings Intense. Head nearly raw Body covered with Sores. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Messrs. Stevens & Bruner, Monroe, N. C.

Dear Sirs.—About two months ago, on your recommendation, I bought a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, one box of Cuticura Salve, and one cake of Cuticura Soap, for my son, aged thirteen years, who has been afflicted with eczema for a long time, and I am pleased to say that I believe the remedies have cured him. His sufferings were intense, his head being nearly raw, his ears being gone except the gristle, and his body was covered with sores. His condition was frightful to behold. The sores have now all disappeared, his skin is healthy, eyes bright, cheerful in disposition, and is working every day. My neighbors are witnesses to this remarkable cure, and the doubting ones are requested to call or write me, or any of my neighbors.

WM. S. STEPHENSON.

Winchester P. O., Union Co., N. C.

Monroe, N. C., Oct. 29, 1887.

The Potter Drug and Chemical Co.:

Gentlemen.—Mr. Wm. S. Stephenson, of this county brought his son to town to-day to let us see him, and to show us what Cuticura Remedies had done for him. This is the case referred to in our letter to you some time ago. To look at the boy now, one would suppose that there had never been anything the matter with him,—seems to be in perfect health. We have written and herewith inclose what his father has to say about the matter—wrote it just as he dictated.

We are selling quite a quantity of Cuticura Remedies and hear nothing but praises for them. We regard the Cuticura Remedies the best in the market, and shall do all we can to promote their sale. Yours truly,

STEVENS & BRUNER,

Druggists and Pharmacists.

Cuticura, the great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap prepared from it externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Company Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

Sneezing Catarrh.

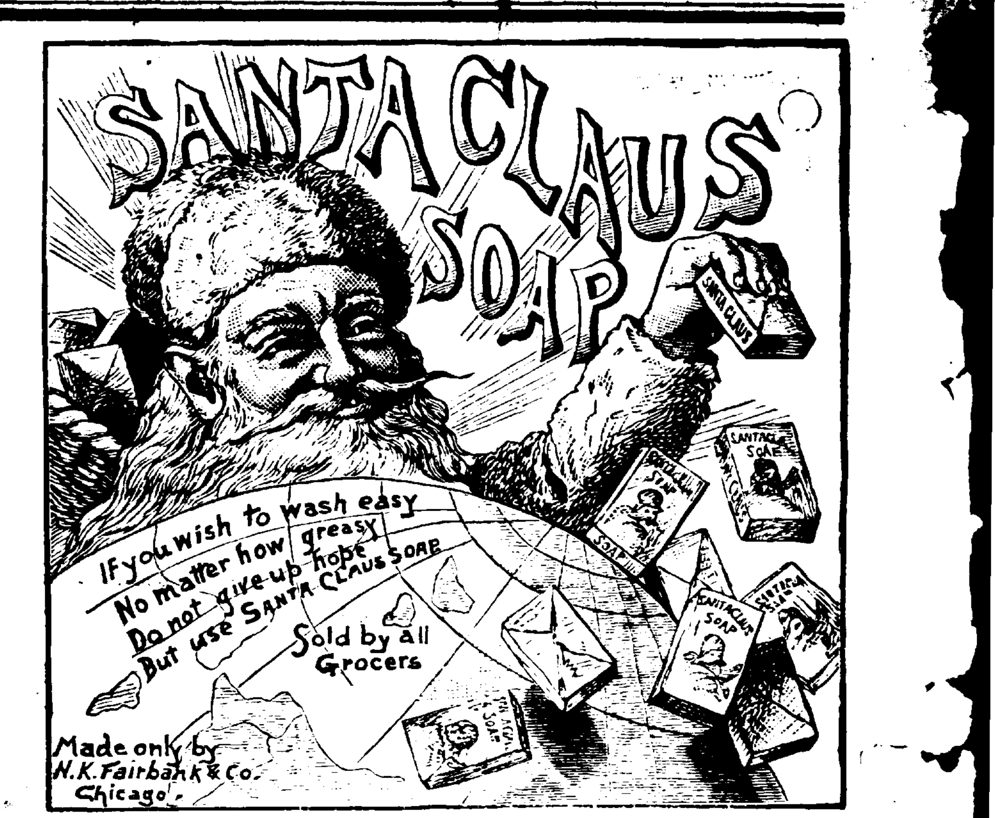
The distressing sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, the acrid watery discharges from the eyes and nose, the painful inflammation extending to the throat, the swelling of the mucous lining, causing choking sensations, cough, ringing noises in the head and splitting headaches,—how familiar these symptoms are to thousands who suffer periodically from head colds or influenza, and who live in ignorance of the fact that a single application of Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh will afford instantaneous relief.

But this treatment in cases of simple Catarrh gives but a faint idea of what this remedy will do in the chronic forms, where the breathing is obstructed by choking, putrid mucous accumulations, the hearing affected, smell and taste gone, throat ulcerated and hacking cough gradually fastening itself upon the debilitated system. Then it is that the marvelous curative power of Sanford's Radical Cure manifests itself in instantaneous and grateful relief. Cure begins from the first application. It is rapid, radical, permanent, economical, safe.

Pains and Weaknesses

OF FEMALES

nstantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, most agreeable, instantaneous and infallible pain-killing plaster, especially adapted to relieve Female Pains and Weaknesses. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters, and the most perfect Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness yet compounded. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.



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If you wish to wash easy
No matter how greasy
Do not give up hope
But use SANTA CLAUS SOAP
Sold by all Grocers
Made only by N.K. Fairbank & Co. Chicago

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CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY

GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.

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NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.

EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

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DYSPEPTICS REJOICE In the Speedy Relief OBTAINED BY USING Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

Sold by Tarrant & Co., N.Y., and Druggists everywhere.

J. C. PELTIER,

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OF THE POPULAR

SOUTH - SIDE - MARKET!

Has built up a splendid trade by selecting

ONLY THE CHOICEST MEATS

Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage, Etc., at both establishments,

366 Calhoun & 117 Wallace Sts.

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★ CELEBRATED ★

STAR BRAND

HAMS

★—AND—★

STAR BONELESS BACON

will please the most fastidious, and we offer them to those who want the BEST the market affords in full confidence of their SUPERIORITY. Ask YOUR grocer or butcher for the STAR BRAND.

These meats, if canvased, are in fancy burlap; if uncanvased see that ARMOUR & CO. is branded in the skin. *ARMOUR'S KETTLE RENDERED LEAF LARD is Guaranteed STRICTLY PURE.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Improved Patent Cushioned Tubular Ear Drums Restore the Hearing in all cases where the auditory nerve is not paralyzed. Successful after all other remepies have failed. Invisible, comfortable, always in position. Music, conversation, whispers heard distinctly. Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadwaa, cor. 14th St. New York. Write or call for illustrated Book of Proofs FREE.

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, Troy, N. Y. The oldest School of Engineering in the United Stases. Next term begins Sept. 12. The Register for 1888 contains list of graduates for 62 years, with their positions; also course of study, requirements for admission, expenses, etc. Candidates living at a distance may be examined at their homes. Address,

DAVID M. GREENE, Director.

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No. 40 West Berry Street,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. 1:30 to 4 p. m.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE

Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion! Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting to the grave, will in many cases recover their health by the timely use of Parker's Ginger Tonic, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. It is invaluable for all pains and disorders of stomach and bowels. 50c. at Druggists.

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, 76 Calhoun street.

Residence 80 West Wayne street,

There are Two Distinguishing Characteristics

Which, more than anything else, have contributed to the phenomenal growth of **The Chicago Daily News,** giving it a circulation larger than that of all other Chicago dailies combined. It seems strange that the first practical, combined application of two such common sense principles in journalism should have been left to a paper as yet only twelve years old. And yet true it is that in this fact lies the real secret of the unparalleled success of **The Chicago Daily News.** Briefly stated these principles are:

First. THE DAILY NEWS Is a daily paper for busy people.

Of all mankind the people of Chicago and the busy northwest are the busiest. And yet perhaps no equal number of people are to be found who appreciate so keenly the necessity of an intelligent knowledge of the world's daily doings. They recognize that they, more than anyone else, are the world's providers in many of the most important necessaries of life. How important, then, that they should have their daily intelligence of every event, the world over, which by any possibility can affect their diversified commercial holdings. And in all the higher interests of life where can be found a like number of people more keenly appreciative of all that contributes to progress in art, literature, science, religion, politics, and the thousand and one things which make up modern civilization.

And yet, strange to say, right here in this great, busy northwest, in its busy metropolis Chicago, there has taken place the creation and development of that most cumbrous, unserviceable, time-destroying thing, the "blanket-sheet" newspaper. With the blindness of very fatuity this monstrosity of journalism, this breeder of mental dyspepsia, has steadfastly imposed its mountain of unthreshed straw to the demand of the people for the winnowed grain of fact. It was out of the very incongruousness of such a condition of things that The Daily News had its birth. People wanted the News,—all the news—but they demanded it apart from the overpowering mass of the trivial and inconsequential. It is because The Daily News satisfactorily meets that demand that its circulation is over "a-million a-week."

R. M. Lawrence, Williamsville, Ill., says: "The 'big daily' is too much for me. Not that a person is obliged to read everything printed in the 'blanket-sheets,' but one having anything else to do doesn't have time to hunt through the long-drawn twaddle for a few grains of digestible food."

Second. THE DAILY NEWS Is an Independent, truth-telling newspaper.

The reader can count on one hand the known newspapers whose statements in matters of politics can always be accepted as at least intentionally truthful, and commonly so in fact. On the other hand, it is the all-but-universal rule to praise one's party and candidate to the skies, and to cry down the opposition party and its candidate to the verge of the disreputable. So common have such silly and reprehensible methods in journalism become that they pass unnoticed, and are accepted as a matter of course—as an evil inseparable from practical politics. But this is only another mistake of the thoughtless. The American people are intelligent enough, thoughtful enough, fair enough to appreciate and endorse honest, truth-telling journalism—in truth to prefer it to the misleading, the truth-discoloring dishonesty of the "organ."

The demand is more and more for the fair, impartial, independent newspaper which give the reader *all the news*, and gives it absolutely free from the taint of partisan bias. This done, an expression of opinion, *based upon facts*, will commend itself to the thoughtful reader even when he may not find himself in agreement with the conclusions deduced from the premises. Disagreements are of small moment if only confidence in honesty of purpose remains. With no mere political ambition to gratify, no "ax to grind," the impartial and independent newspaper may truly be "guide, philosopher and friend" to honest men holding every shade of political faith. And this is why The Daily News has to-day a circulation of over "a-million-a-week."

M. Wygant, Sibley, Iowa, writes: "I am well pleased with The Daily News, although I am a 'bred-in-the-bone' Republican with a *carpet bag experience* in the South ending in 1872. The extreme fairness of The Daily News, giving credit where due regardless of party, meets my approval."

When to two such comprehensive elements of popularity THE DAILY NEWS now adds a third in its unparalleled price reduction to One Cent a day, it offers a combination of attractions at once unique and unapproachable by any other American newspaper, and one which will surely multiply its friends throughout the Northwest by the thousands.

The Chicago Daily News is for sale by all newsdealers at One Cent per copy, or will be mailed, postage paid, for [illegible] per month. The farmer and mechanic can now [illegible] metropolitan daily.

[illegible] The Daily News, Chicago.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Strengthen the System

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

HEYWOOD
TRADE 1864 MARK
SHOE
NO SHODDY HERE

For 25 years the name Heywood on a boot or shoe has been a guarantee of its honesty in material and workmanship. The Heywood Shoe is the best wearing and most comfortable shoe made for men's wear. They will suit you so well that you will insist upon having them afterward. The next time you buy a pair of shoes ask to see the Heywood.

HEYWOOD BOOT AND SHOE CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS.
For Sale by SCHIEFER & DAVENPORT.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A situation as a bookkeeper or clerk, with the best of reference. Address, A. F. Ness, Huntington, Ind. 4-2t

FOUND.—Pocket book containing money. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. B. Poulsen, 45 East Columbia street. 3-2t

INSURANCE Against

Tornados,
Cyclones and
Wind Storms in the following companies:
Phenix, Brooklyn.
Home, New York.
Niagara, New York.
Springfield, Mass.
One year 50c. per 100.
Three years $1.00 per 100.
Five years $1.50 per 100.
LUMBARD'S AGENCY,
July14-2m 36 Calhoun Street.

WANTED—INFORMATION OF WILLIAM Reynolds, an orphan boy, age about 19. Adopted from the Chicago Home of the Friendless in 1880. Any one having knowledge of his whereabouts will confer a great favor on his sister, Lizzie, by addressing Mrs. S. G. Cleveland, City Missionary, care of Y. M. C. A., Chicago, Ill. 30-tf

WANTED—By a large eastern manufacturer, a salesman well acquainted with the retail grocers of Fort Wayne and surrounding country, to sell a staple article on salary or commission. Travelling expenses will be paid. Man under 30 years of age, and single, preferred. Address, giving references, W. G. G. Sentinel office, Fort Wayne. July-30-1m

WANTED.—AN ACTIVE MAN (ONE OUT of employment) to begin on moderate salary and work himself up, representing in his own locality, an old established house. References exchanged.
Gay's Manufacturing House, 32 Reade St., N. Y.

WE wish to employ a few salesmen, on salary to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade of all the leading cities and towns. We are the largest manufacturers of our line in the country. Send two cents in stamps for full particulars. No postals answered. Centennial M'f'g Co., Cincinnati, O. 1-1m

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. LUELLA M. DERBYSHIRE—Southwest corner Broadway and Jefferson. Diseases of women and children. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone No. 9. 12-tf

MARY A. WHERY, M. D., Office and Residence No. 26 Madison street. Special attention given to ladies. May 24-tf.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—A house of seven rooms, well, cistern and barn, pleasantly located on Van Buren street. Inquire at 88 Lavina street. 2-3t

FOR RENT.—A house of ten rooms at No. 48 West Wayne street. all modern improvements. Enquire of No. 54 West Wayne street, 2-3t

LOST.

LOST.—A willow splasher to baby buggy. Finder will confer a favor by reporting to this office. 9-tf.

A. HATTERSLEY & SO

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitt rs.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTUR

Main Street, East of Clinton
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bow
Rubber Hose, etc,

gas fixtures regilt, bronzed and made ... new.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY THE LATE BEN: PERLEY POORE.

James M. Scovel, a noted Philadelphia faro player, who never played a game of whist, poker, or eucher, says that "one night, when I was 19 years old, at a game where Thad Stevens, the old commoner, and James A. Bayard, of Delaware, (both long since dead) were present, in Walnut, above Eleventh, over Dr. McLellan's office, I won in two hours $5,600 and carried it away, and it was the first night I had ever seen a card player, East or West, North or South. I have seen men like Senator Pearce, of Maryland, and the biggest men of the United States Senate play for thousands in a single night at Joe Hall and Pendleton's game in Washington. Then it was fashionable to play, but President Arthur cleaned out all the gambling-places in Washington, unless it be the furtive hiding poker rooms. Faro is the intellectual man's amusement. I have myself seen a Judge of the United States Supreme Court flushed with old wine after a good supper, coolly lose a thousand at Parker's faro bank in Washington, and then only stop playing because the dealer refused his check, thinking the Supreme Court ought to be more 'reserved' in its play."

Mr. Lincoln was much troubled when he learned that his "sailor dragoon," Gen. Nelson, had been shot by Gen. Davis in a hotel at Louisville. Gen. Nelson was over six feet in height, weighed over 250 pounds, and was notoriously strong, while Gen. Davis was a quiet little gentleman who never troubled any one. Senator Morton, with Gens. Nelson and Davis, were conversing together, when Nelson became excited, and deliberately slapped Davis on the right cheek. Davis and Morton stepped back, and Morton gave Davis a pistol. Davis advanced toward Nelson, who was leaning against the bar, leveled the pistol and fired. At the click of the revolver Nelson put his hand on his breast, and those who ran up heard him say: "I'm a dead man, send for an Episcopal clergyman." His friends carried him into a little room under the stairs. They opened his clothes and found near the heart a little blue mark about the size of a buckshot, and that was all. The wound had closed, no blood was running; you would hardly notice that it was a wound. By good luck there was an Episcopal clergyman, a man with whom Nelson was intimate, in the house. He was sent for and came immediately, and when he entered the room all others withdrew. In about ten minutes they were told that Nelson was dead. Quite a number came running up at the sound of the shot, and among them a policemen, who arrested Davis. Davis went with him quietly, but upon Gen. Buell being informed of it, he made a demand upon the Mayor for the delivery of Davis to him, which, after a momentary hesitation, was done. No notice was taken of the affair. Everybody felt sorry that Nelson was killed, but they understood that Davis could not do anything else than what he did do. He had been struck, and if he hadn't resented it he would have been disgraced and compelled to leave the army. He could not resent it in any other way.

The second wife of Stephen A. Douglas was regarded by the "Little Giant's" friends as the life of her husband, saving him from the dissipation into which he was being seduced, and keeping his head cool and level in moments when he was likely to fall into error through a too impetuous desire to declare himself. Who does not remember the popularity of the family of Senator Slidell, and how his fortunes were assisted by the gifts of Mrs. Slidell, not only in New Orleans, but at the national capital? One of the most remarkable instances of female electioneering, however, occurred in California, when Gwin and Broderick were contending for the senatorship, and in this instance Broderick confessed defeat at the hands of beauty. Mr. Gwin opened parlors in one of the principal hotels at Sacramento, and Mrs. Gwin presided. The beauty and talent of the State were concentrated at the reception, twenty-seven young ladies lending their attractions to influence the representatives. The Legislature was invited to partake of the hospitalities of the Gwin reception, and as he was then United States Senator, and was still expected to be, it may well be supposed that the brilliant court established by Mrs. Gwin was not neglected, and the wife and family of Mr. Gwin knew how to keep open house. They had wit, good sense, refinement, beauty wealth, name, and position. They embarked all these qualities in the contest and used their eloquence to such advantage that Broderick had to retire. It was a brilliant winter in Sacramento and one that California will never see the like of again; for the contest between Gwin and Broderick was the beginning of that division of politics in California when the free-soilers first cut loose from the advocates of slavery. It involved the issue of North and South at once, and the South lost the field.

The Prince of Wales, who came to Washington just before the war, set an example which was quite numerously followed. The Prince of Wales was apparently an ingenious and well-conducted youth, who was only learning to smoke, and took his mint juleps, sherry cobblers, brandy smashes and whisky punches with a certain degree of apprehension as to a headache in the morning. There was Prince de Joinville, the naval son of Louis Philippe, who frightened even the Iron Duke in 1847 by a pamphlet showing the feasibility of invading and conquering England. With him came his nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, who, as captains of volunteers, served without pay on the staff of Gen. McClellan in 1861-2, and were good friends to the stars and stripes. There was Prince Napoleon, son of that Jerome Bonaparte who married Miss Patterson, granddaughter of "Old Mortality," and allowed her to be taken from him when she went to Europe. There was the Princess Clotilde of Italy, daughter of Victor Emanuel, and wife of the above-mentioned "Plon-Plon," a nice little woman, not handsome, nor richly dressed, but neat in the simplicity (what Horace called *simplex munditiis*) of her attire. There was young Prince Arthur, third son of Queen Victoria, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, a tall, soldierly-looking young fellow, who made many friends during his brief sojourn.

Excelsior Spring Water is brought from Saratoga in block-tin lined barrels and sold on draught in its natural condition at Mordhurst's drug store, 74 Calhoun street. d&wlyr

MAGNOLIA BAL

Royal Intermarriages.

A national crisis seemed about to rise recently in Germany as the result of a proposed marriage between the daughter of the reigning Emperor and Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Alexander was formerly Prince of Bulgaria, and while occupying that throne gave such offence to the Russian Czar that he was abducted, and was afterward forced to give up his Bulgarian throne. Obnoxious, therefore, as Alexander is to the Czar, Prince Bismarck declared that his marriage into the Emperor's family was likely to bring about unpleasant relations—and perhaps worse—between Germany and Russia, and therefore Bismarck strenuously resisted the arrangement which was dear to the heart both of the young princess herself and of her mother, the Empress Victoria.

This occurrence strikingly illustrates the fact that marriage among the European reigning families may still have a large influence upon the course of political events. It is quite true that ties do not prevent, and never have prevented, the different nations from quarrelling with and fighting each other. Royal fathers-in-law and brothers-in-law have often all through European history confronted each other on the battle-field, and allied themselves with each other's enemies. Napoleon I. warred upon Francis of Austria, his father-in-law, and a few years ago England and Russia were on the very point of coming to blows, though the second son of Queen Victoria was the husband of the Czar's sister.

Yet the reigning families, or their ministers, have always arranged marriages between their members for "dynastic" and political reasons, and not seldom the fact that marriage ties existed between them has turned the scale in favor of or against wars and other important political events.

In the monarchies, indeed, either absolute law or immemorial custom has established the rule that royalty can only wed royalty, and that if the heir, near or remote to a throne marries beneath the royal rank, he shall forfeit his right of succession. Prince Oscar of Sweden, by marrying recently Miss Munck, one of the maids of honor at the Swedish court, was obliged to abandon all right to succeed to the throne, and to give up his rank as a royal prince. In order to avoid such results, the princes of many European states are permitted to contract what are called "morganatic" marriages, with women not of royal blood. But the children of such marriages are not recognized as their father's heirs, or as being of the blood royal; nor does a morganatic marriage prevent the prince who makes it from also legally wedding a princess of royal blood.

Royal marriages for dynastic or political reasons often have two opposite results. They often unite in wedlock a prince and a princess who know little of each other, and who do not love each other. On the other hand, the rule of dynastic marriages sometimes keeps apart a prince and princess who do love each other. The latter is said to be the case with the Prince Alexander and the Princess Victoria. Sometimes, however, it happens that affection and political exigencies harmonize, and produce happy marriages. Of such a character, undoubtedly were the marriages of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert; of her son, the Prince of Wales, with the Danish Princess Alexandra; of the present German Emperor with his Empress, and of the present Czar with the Princess Dagmar.

So long-continued has been the custom of intermarriages between the royal people, that the present reigning families of Europe are all more or less nearly related to each other; and, in many instances, are related to each other by numerous ties of blood and inheritance. It cannot be said, however, that this fact materially lessens the probability of war. Indeed, as the case of Prince Alexander and the German Princess shows adherence to the custom may bring the prospect of dissension and war nearer, rather than more remote.—*Youth's Companion.*

Finger-Nail.

Our finger-nails grow out about three times a year; they should be trimmed with scissors once a week, not so close as to leave no room for the dirt to gather, for then they do not protect the ends or the fingers, as was designed by nature; besides, if trimmed too close at the corners, there is danger of their growing into the flesh, causing inconvenience, and sometimes great pain. The collections under the ends of the nails should not be removed by anything harder than a brush or a soft piece of wood; nor should the nails be scraped with a penknife or other metallic substance, as it destroys the delicacy of their structure and will at length give them an unnatural thickness.

We are not favorably impressed as to the cleanliness of a person who keeps his nails trimmed to the quick, as it is often done to prevent dirt gathering there; whereas, if a margin were allowed, it would be an index to the cleanliness of the hands, from which the collections under the finger-nails are made. Leave a margin, then, and the moment you observe that these collections need removing, you may know that the hands need washing, when they and the nails are both cleaned together.

Most persons are familiar with those troublesome bits of skin which loosen at the roots of the finger-nails; it is caused by the skin adhering to the nail, which growing outwards drags the skin along with it, stretching it until one end gives way. To prevent this, the skin should be loosened from the nail once a week, not with a knife or scissors, but with something blunt, such as the end of an ivory paper cutter; this is best done after soaking the fingers in warm water, then pushing the skin back gently and slowly; the white specks on the nails are made by scraping the nail with a knife at a point where it emerges from the skin.

Biting the finger-nails is an uncleanly practice, for thus the unsightly collections at the ends are kept eaten clean! Children may be broken of such a filthy habit by causing them to dip the ends of their fingers several times a day in wormwood bitters, without letting them know the object. If this is not sufficient, cause them to wear caps on each finger until the practice is discontinued. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"Facts are stubborn things," and sufferers from Chills and Fever find this complaint a very stubborn fact until they commence the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. This medicine never fails to cure even the worst cases.

The Earth.

The Earth is one of the largest institutions in this section, and is really the foundation of all man's operations.

The Earth is composed of three parts water and one part land, and the sacred writer informs us that it will be well shaken before it is finally taken.

The Earth is round. The inhabitants are also 'round when there is any fun going on, or a free lunch is advertised.

The Earth is dyspeptic, being continually troubled with heartburn. She often gets bilious, and throws the troublesome bile off her stomach, from her big black mouth, which is called Vesuvius.

Some men want the Earth, and are only waiting for it to get cool enough to handle with safety, or harvest mittens.

"The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," but many of His man-servants are trying hard to get a controlling interest in the stock.

The Earth swings on its own axis. Most of its inhabitants swing somebody else's axes, which they forget to return or pay for.

The Earth's axis sticks out thirty-five or forty feet at each end, and these points are called the poles. The top is the North Pole, and the bottom one is the South Pole.

Around these poles has been deposited immense piles of ice, for the double purpose of preventing hot journals, from continual friction caused by the rapidly revolving sphere, and also of preventing inquisitive visitors from monkeying with the machinery, and either pinching their meddlesome fingers, or whittling chunks from the poles for souvenirs.

These mammoth ice-houses serve another purpose, having become a convenient, sure, and popular mode of suicide.

When a man gets tired of life, and is gun shy and afraid of poison, he advertises an Arctic expedition, which soon brings to his door a score or more of kindred souls, who also want to die. They rig up a ship and away they go.

The suicidal expedition is, as a rule, eminently successful. After reaching the ice-house, they eat all their corned beef and cabbage, salt pork and Saratoga chips; drink up the contents of the medicine case—half pint bottles mostly —then eke out a living death of a few short, sunless weeks or months, trying to get fat on icicle, rubber boots, and fur overcoats, when the living death is swallowed up by a dead death. Then the party, one after another hides where there will be the least probability of ever finding him, and draws his last short, icy breath by the shimmering light of the aurora borealis.

The next season a searching party of would-be suicides goes after them, and either dies in their tracks or returns maimed for life, or frozen so that they never get thawed out, and thus the good work goes on. The Earth has frequent attacks of ague, and when its shaking fits come on, it is a most shocking sight, though the inhabitants always have a "rattling" time.

The Earth wears a belt around her waist, called the Equator. It is so tight that the parts over which it passes are inflamed to about 200 degrees (Fah.) in the cellar.—*Texas Siftings.*

Greater benefits may be derived from the vacation season if, at the same time, the blood is being cleansed and vitalized by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. An increase of appetite, vigor, and buoyancy of spirits attend the use of this medicine.

Hay Fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy. Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me as a preventive to Hay Fever. Have been using it since the 9th of August and have found it a specific for that much dreaded disease. For ten years I have been a great sufferer from August 9th till frost, and have tried many alleged remedies, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found.—F. B. Ainsworth, Publisher, Indianapolis, Ind.

For Sale.

The J. M. Coombs' farm, five miles north of the city, on the gravel road and St. Joe river, consisting of 100 acres, twenty-five acres in timber, balance drained and all under drained. Improvements consist of handsome new cottage farm house, two barns, two lakes and variety of fruit.

Will be sold cheap and on long time.
S. C. LUMBARD, Agent,
18-tf 36 Calhoun Street.

IMPORTANT platinum discoveries have been made in Maricopa County, Arizona. The ore yields 10 per cent., which is perhaps the largest in the world. The platina veins in the Ural Mountains of Russia yield only 4 per cent.

TRADE
S.S.S.
FOR THE BLOOD
MARK

No Mercury,
No Potash,
Or any other Mineral Poison.

It is Nature's Remedy, made exclusively from Roots and Herbs.

It is perfectly Harmless.

It is the only remedy known to the world that has ever yet *Cured contagious Blood Poison in all its stages.*

It cures Mercurial Rheumatism, Cancer, Scrofula, and other blood diseases heretofore considered incurable. It cures any disease caused from impure blood. It is now prescribed by thousands of the best physicians in the United States, as a tonic. We append the statement of a few:

"I have used S. S. S. on patients convalescing from fever and from measles with the best results. J. N. CHENEY, M. D., Ellaville, Ga."

BREMEN, GA.—Willie White was afflicted with scrofula seven years. I prescribed S. S. S., and to-day he is a fat and robust boy.
C. W. PARKER, M. D.

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 15, 1885.—I have taken three bottles of Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison. It acts much better than potash or any other remedy I have ever used.
B. F. WINFIELD, M. D.,
Formerly of Sussex Co., Va.

DR. E. J. HALE, the well-known druggist and physician, of Nashville, Howard County, Ark., writes: "Having some knowledge as to what S. S. S. is composed of, I can safely recommend it as the remedy for all skin diseases, it matters not what the name may be."

We have a book giving a history of this wonderful remedy, and its cures, from all over the world, which will convince you that all we say is true, and which we will mail free on application. No family should be without it. We have another on Contagious Blood Poison, sent on same terms.

Write us a history of your case, and our physician will advise with you by letter, in strictest confidence. We will not deceive you knowingly.

For sale by all druggists.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC Co.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
New York, [illegible] Broadway.
London, [illegible]

A Bright Pupil.

"Hello, Blank," said a Boston man to one of his friends the other day, "I hear you are attending this memory school. What do you think of it, anyhow?"

"Greatest discovery of the age!" says Blank, enthusiastically. "I tell you it's a big thing, sir; a mighty big thing! Why, two months ago I couldn't remember *anything* a day. Couldn't remember names and dates half a day, even, and now, since I've taken up this Loisette system, I can't forget anything. No, sir, I actually can't."

"That so? I must look into the thing myself. What's the teacher's name?"

"Oh, his name's—um—um—let me *see*. What *is* his name? I know it well as I know my own. I've heard it forty times. Odd sort of a name, but common enough, too. It's—it's—I had it right at my tongue's end a second ago. It's something like—like—hanged if I remember what it is. I never could remember names, anyhow!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Important Element

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with and true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by any one who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists,

THE Duke of Marlborough, during his recent visit here, sent to England several of our best made trotting buggies and light wagons. He has also made arrangements to transfer to Blenheim a number of fine trotting broodmares. He thinks it about time for England to wake up in the matter of roadsters.

DON'T SCOLD

a man for groaning **when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain** is simply awful. No **torture in the** ancient times was more **painful than** these twin diseases. But—**oughtn't** a man to be blamed if, having **Rheumatism** or Neuralgia, he wont **use** Ath-lo-pho-ros, when it has **cured** thousands who have suffered in **the** same way? It has cured **hundreds** after physicians have **pronounced** them incurable.

"The skill of five physicians could not cure me of Rheumatism which had settled in the hips, neck and shoulders. So intense was the pain that sleep was almost impossible. The first dose of Athlophoros gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued its use and am now well."
REV. S. H. TROYER, New Albany, Ind.

☞ Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N.Y.

Arrival and Departure of Train

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect June 10, 1888.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:
(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Balt'more Washington, Philadelphia and New York, *5:30 a. m., †1:35 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. Crestline Accommodation, †7:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:00 a. m. †12:45 p. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:30 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at †6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH
10 30 am—Ar	Cincinnati Ex....	—Lv.
	Detroit Ex......	" 4 40 pm
3 40 pm "	Detroit Ex......	" 11 30 am
5 20 pm "	Way Freight....	" 6 45 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
Lv. 2 00 pm	Express	Lv. 2 00 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect July, 1888.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North......Lv.	2:30 am
" " "	" 8:05 am
For Grand Rapids....................	" 2:10 pm
From Grand Rapids.................Ar.	6:31 pm
From Portland........................	" 7:45 am

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati....Lv.	5:35 am
" "	" 1:00 pm
" "	" 11:20 "
From "..................Ar.	6:25 pm
For Portland...............................Lv	6:45 pm

Trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

FORT WAYNE TIME TABLE.

Going South.	Arrives.
5 30 am—Ft Wayne Accommodation	10 00 am
10 45 am—Cin. & Lo'v'le. Mail & Ex	4 10 pm
5 00 pm—Indianapolis Express	10 00 pm

WABASH RAILWAY.

MAY 13, 1888.

GOING WEST	Depart
Pacific Express, daily...	5 00 a m
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 50 p m
Fast Mail, daily...	8 17 p m
Lafayette accom....	3 30 p m
Fort Wayne accom....	10 20 a m
GOING EAST	**Depart**
New York Express, daily....	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday....	1 50 p m
Limited Express, daily....	6 25 p m
Toledo accom....	3 30 p m

Fort Wayne accom arrives 10 30 p m
Lafayette accom arrives 11 00 a m

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m....	10 30 a m
10 20 a m....	3 30 p m
1 50 p m....	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m....	1 40 p m
1 10 p m....	6 10 p m
7 00 p m....	5 00 a m

Through New York Palace Sleeping Cars, dining car and new free chair cars on fast mail and New York Express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Pacific and Limited express.

Kansas City Express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free

THE CHICAGO GLOBE.

A NEWSPAPER OF PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRATIC OPINION.

ISSUED EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.

The Most Convenient Form.
Contains All the News.
A Repertory of Pure Literature.
Hostile to Fraud and Sham
Its Guide: Morality, Liberty, Justice.

SENT BY MAIL.

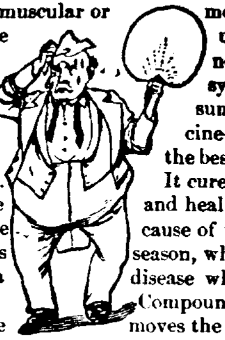
Daily edition, per year..................	$6.00
Two months..................................	1.00
Sunday edition, per year..............	2.00
Weekly edition, per year...............	1.00

☞ Payment to be made in advance. Postage at our charge.

IN THE CITY.

The daily edition will be sold by ALL NEWSMEN for TWO CENTS and the Sunday edition for [illegible]

WARM WAVES



Are rolling in. You can't escape them; but you can escape th less nights, loss of appetite, and languid feeling that result from ing the nervous force by muscular or mental exertion in mer's torrid days. The use of Paine's Celery Compound, that great nervetonic, will strengthen the nervous system, and fortify against the attacks of summer debility. This preparation is a medicine—not a drink. It is the best tonics, giving lasting benefit to body and brain. It cures all nervous diseases, and has brought new life and health to thousands whose weakened nerves were the cause of their many ills. It is especially valuable at this season, when feeble persons are so liable to sunstroke, a disease which is nearly always fatal. Paine's Celery Compound, by restoring perfect health, almost entirely removes the liability to this dread disease. If you feel the effects of summer's heat, you can't afford to delay another day before gaining the vitality only obtained by the use of this great medicine. *Sold by Druggists. $1.00. Six for $5.00.*

Send for eight-page paper, with many testimonials.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. BURLINGTON, VT.

TRY JAXON SOAP
The BEST. The NICEST. The CHEAPEST

SAVES WOMEN
SAVES CLOTHES
JAXON
QUICK PROCESS
EASY WASHING

USE JAXON SOAP
ASK your Grocer for JAXON SOAP
Insist on trying it once.

Fruit House Prices.

—:o:—

Great Reduction in Sugar, Coffees, Teas, Dried and Canned Fruits.

—:o:—

SUGARS—WHITE, YELLOW AND BROWN.

No advance on Sugars. The market is strong and higher, but having purchased a large stock at the decline we can still sell at the old prices. Best confectioners' A sugar, 7½.; choice extra C sugar, 6½.; cut loaf and powdered sugar, 8½ Granulated sugar, 8c. Nice brown sugar, 6.

Coffees—Rio and Java—Green and Roasted.

The coffee market, under short crop influences, but mainly through speculation, has ruled high all the season, but the limit has been reached and coffees are now lower. The very best Golden Rio, 17c.; good fair Rio, 15c.; Old Government Java, best, 25c.; Choice Roasted Rio, best, 18c.; Best Roasted Government Java, 30c, Dannermiller 20, German 20c, Jersey 20c.

TEAS—GREEN, BLACK AND JAPAN.

Young Hyson, 20c.; good, 30c.: best, 50c. Imperial Tea, good, 30c.; best, 50c. Gunpowder Tea, good, 30c.; best, 50c. Oolong or Black Tea, 25c.; best, 50c. Japan Tea, good, 25c.; best, 50c. English Breakfast, the very best, 50c. Our tea trade, in consequence of high priced coffees, has doubled the past year. Good teas at 20 and 30 cents a pound is relatively cheaper than coffee at 22c. a pound. We purchase direct of the importers and sell direct to our customers, thereby giving our customers the intermediate profits of the wholesale merchant and jobber, which is at least 10 to 20 cents.

FOREIGN FRUITS.

Malaga Layer Raisins, 12c.; Seedless Sultana Raisins, 10c.; Loose Muscate Raisins, 10c.; Zantee Currants, 8c.; Shelled Almonds, 30c.; Leghorn Citrons, 25c.; Orange and Lemon Peel, 18c.; Best Turkish Prunes, 5c.; Pitted Cherries, 25c.; Layer Figs, 16c.; Layer Dates, 8c.; New Valencia Raisins, 8c.; Good Figs, 8c.

DOMESTIC DRIED FRUITS.

Dried Raspberries, 30c.; Dried Peaches, 10c.; Dried Apples, 9c.; Dried Blackberries, 15c.; California Peeled Peaches, 24c.; Dried California Apricots, 20c.; California Plums, 18c.; German Pears, 15c.; Prunells, 16c.; California Necterines, 20c.

Candies—Pure Stick and French Candy.

Best stick candy, 12c; best French mixed candy, 12c; Cream candy, 15c.

NUTS.

Brazil nuts, 10c quart; soft shell almond 15c quart; English walnuts and filberts, 12½c quart; assorted mixed nuts, 15c quart; Texas Pecans, 10c. a quart.

Syrups---Maple and Sugar Syrups and New Orleans Molasses.

Pure Maple syrup, 80c a gallon; golden drips, 40c; Sorghum, 50c; New Orleans molasses, 35c; best, 50c. The sorghum is splendid and 10c lower than we ever sold it before.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Old 76, $2.50 per gallon; two years old, $1.75; one year old, $1.40 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port wine $1.25, Sherry $1.50 a gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; wines in bottles, 40c.

Machine Oils, Fish Oil, Lard Oil and Neatsfoot Oil, and Headlight Oil and Castor Oil.

Fish oil, per gallon, 70c; Neatsfoot oil, 80c per gallon; Lard oil, 80c per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c per gallon; Golden, 30c per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 12c per gallon.

Tobaccos and Cigars, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut.

Horse Shoe, 50c; J. T. 45c.; Rats, 30c.; Glory, 45; Old Port, 40c.; Wild Flower 42c. per pound. Finecut, 30c, 50c; best, 75c per pound. Smoking, 20c, 25c and 30c.; best Durham, 45c per pound.

Choice cigars, $1.50 per box; good cigars, 60c and $1 per box.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved at the

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE

Is the Baby

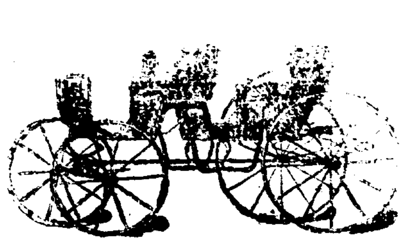
a constant joy, or are you days and nights filled with sleeplessness and anxiety? Fed on

RIDGE'S FOOD,

children are well and happy. WOOLRICH & Co on label.

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS
Of the body enlarged and strengthened. Full particulars sent sealed free. ERIE MED. CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

M. L. ALBRECHT



Coal! Wood! Coal!

Now is the time to lay in your winter supply of coal and wood, which can be had at lowest figures from **THE OLDEST COAL HOUSE IN THE CITY.** Hard and Soft Coal, Cannel Coal, Kindlings, etc. Anthracite "Loyal Rock" a specialty for grates; burns without smoke and burns to a white ash. Try it.

WILDING & SON.
Office, 193 Calhoun Street.

WILLIAM ALTEKRUSE,
EAGLE -:- GROCERY
246 South Calhoun St.
FANCY GROCERIES & LUNCH COUNTER

An entirely new stock of fine groceries and eatables. Give us a call. 16-1m

Frank B. Kendrick,

ARCHITECT,

No. 1

HUNTING THE TIGER.

Exciting Adventures and Hair-Breadth Escapes in the Jungles of India.

Punching a Tiger's Nose with a Walking Stick and Frightening the Beast Into a Retreat.

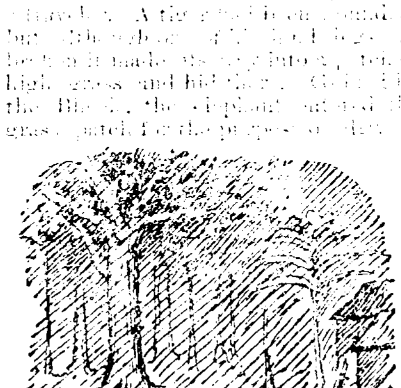
How a Little Dog Came to the Rescue and Saved His Imperiled Master's Life.

AN East Indian tells of this exciting adventure with a tiger, in which a little dog came to the rescue and saved his master's life. "I was going through the jungle when suddenly I heard a rustle in the underbrush, and the next instant an enormous tiger presented himself and prepared to spring upon me. I immediately raised my rifle and fired twice, but, as ill-luck would have it, neither shot struck, and in another second the tiger was on me and had thrown me down, his claws buried in my left shoulder. I had no particular sensation of fear, and I remember thinking quite calmly as I lay on the ground, the tiger's hot breath coming against my face, 'It's all up with me now.' But at that moment my faithful little Mungo came to the rescue. He bit the tiger's tail so severely that the beast immediately released his hold and turned round to seize his new adversary. But Mungo was too quick and wary, and off in the tall grass in an instant. The tiger followed, but the dog had the advantage over him, as he could run through the grass and under the brushwood at a pace which the other could not keep up with. It was almost comical to see how the great creature bounded about in its useless chase after the dog. I knew that the tiger, disappointed in seizing Mungo, would soon return to attack his master, so I reloaded my gun and stood waiting. In a short time he was before me once more, and again I leveled my gun as well as I could, considering the pain in my left shoulder. The first shot missed, but the second struck the tiger in the shoulder, crippling him, and made him roll about in agony. Recovering as rapidly as possible I went nearer to him, aimed very deliberately, and this time gave him his quietus. Scarcely had I done so before Mungo came bounding to me, looking into my face, and whining with joy at seeing me safe."

A sub-commissioner, who is a magistrate for a small district, went out in the jungle one day to try and find a tiger which had been reported to him as having been seen near the village where he resided. There being no white man within many miles of him, his guard being composed of Madrassee police under a native subahdar or lieutenant, Hill went to hunt the beast by himself, the Indian servant he took with him to carry his rifle, etc., not counting as an effective. He was walking leisurely along a path in the jungle with only his walking-cane in his hand. It happened to be a fine specimen of the grape-vine cane, cut from a variety of vine which Hill had brought from the West Indies some years before. The cane had a natural knot or knob as a head and was remarkably strong and flexible. As he was looking about him from side to side, a large tiger emerged from the thick undergrowth only a few yards in advance of him. Keeping his eyes fixed full on the brute and staring into his eyes, Hill put his left hand cautiously behind him, telling his servant in a low tone to give him his rifle. The Hindoo up to this had been following closely in the footsteps of his master. Not getting the rifle handed to him, Hill repeated the order in a louder tone, but again without any response. As the situation was becoming rather critical, and the tiger was evidently restless and anxious to be at him, Hill, unfortunately for himself, turned his head to see where his servant was, but the cowardly fellow had evidently fled at sight of the dreaded beast. The brute, who had only been kept in check by the resolute gaze of the white man, took instant advantage of Hill's head being turned aside and made a spring, landing just in front of him. Hill had no time to lose in thinking what was now best to be done; he, however, with rare presence of mind, aimed a blow at the [illegible] nose, a sensitive part of the animal [illegible] for him, hit he just struck Hill's left arm with one of his powerful paws and vanished in the jungle, whining as he went. Hill could recollect no more, for he fell down insensible, having fainted from pain. The servant, in the meantime, having thrown down the rifle, which was afterward found close to where Hill was lying, had run back to the village half dead with fright and apprised the head man of his master's dangerous position. The Burman villagers, who are no cowards, soon proceeded with spears and other primitive weapons into the jungle and found Hill prostrate in the path. He was carried to his bungalow upon a hastily improvised litter, and the Eurasian—that is, half-caste—apothecary attached to the police detachment dressed and properly cared for the injured arm. It was some months, however, before he was able to resume active duty. Some of the Burmans gave a severe beating to the cowardly servant, whose services were dispensed with.

When there was a Great American Desert where now are populous States, it was not unusual for an adventurer to be lost on the prairie and die a miserable death from walking in a circle until weariness made him drop. Those days are past now, but there are parts of the world where these events nowadays frequently occur. A traveler in Burmah one afternoon started off for a little sport, taking his Winchester rifle and his Madrassee servant to carry his cartridge belt. He soon discovered the footprints of a tiger in the moist soil, and very incautiously entered the elephant grass, which grows to ten or twelve feet in height. "I followed the trail," said he, "for about half an hour without any result, and then, thinking it time to return, I retraced my steps, as I thought, until, to my surprise and horror, I came upon the footsteps of a person wearing boots, and going the same way! I knew that the footsteps were my own, and that I had been going in a circular direction and was lost in the grass. There was no means of elevating myself above the grass and ascertaining my whereabouts, and although I fired several shots in rapid succession I knew my people, on hearing them, would think I was simply shooting at game. My Madrassee boy was worse than useless, falling flat on the ground and howling out prayers to his Hindoo gods. I kicked him once or twice to relieve my feelings, and then started off on a weary tramp, firing my rifle at intervals. Finally I gave up in despair, and sank on the ground and thought of the tales I had heard of British soldiers wandering away from the barracks and never heard of again until some hunter would come across a tattered uniform and a few bones. Just as I had resigned myself to the same horrible fate I heard a dog bark. I [illegible] and ran toward the sound, and within fifty yards came upon a native hut. The Burman and his [illegible] back."

Cowardly and [illegible] in Hindoo [illegible] by a traveler. A tiger [illegible] had been wounded, but [illegible] it made its way into a [illegible] of high grass and hid there. [illegible] the Bheels, the elephant entered the grass patch for the purpose of driving out the tiger. The cunning animal allowed the party to pass, and then sprang at one of the Bheels, "a little, hairy, bandy-legged man, more like a satyr than a human being." The Bheel dashed to the nearest tree, and, owing to the broken leg of the tiger, was able to climb out of reach. Finding himself safe, the Bheel "commenced a philippic against the father, mother, sisters, aunts, nieces, and children of his helpless enemy, who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little enemy, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage.



As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or ever will be committed.

Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of a tiger, and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leaned forward till he appeared to be within the grasp of the enraged animal, ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face. Sometimes the tragic element prevails. In one of these too numerous instances a man-eater, which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood, had been traced down, and was seen to creep into a ravine. The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service, and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by the wound. Unfortunately, these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from its lair, and one of them, having taken too large a dose, refused to escape, and challenged the tiger [illegible]. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and retreated at bay. After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid, the lower part of his face, including both jaws, having been carried away as if by a cannon-ball. The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher, the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely, that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag. The wonder at this terrible strength diminishes when the limb is measured. The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet five inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm was two feet seven inches. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference. I have not had the opportunity of dissecting a tiger, but I have helped to dissect a lion, which is possessed of similar powers, and was struck with wonder at the tremendous development of the muscles of the forelegs.

Too Greedy.

There is perhaps as much difference among birds as among human beings. Some are wise, and some are foolish. A Scotch observer furnishes two illustrations of this. He was accustomed to scatter bread crumbs and other table scraps about the door in cold weather for the benefit of the blackbirds, thrushes, and other like visitors.

A large, feather-legged, Cochin-China cock [illegible] found its way to the parlor window as we were feeding our wild bird pensioners.

When we threw out a plateful of crumbs and scraps all the other birds gobbled up their food very fast by going shrewdly and steadily to work, each selecting a bit and [illegible] of a suitable size, [illegible] thrushes [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] stand [illegible] in the snow, looking very [illegible] and foolish, and [illegible] manifestly unable to see wherein [illegible] the next time [illegible] in proceeding [illegible]

Funny Historical Sayings.

At the first representation of Beaumarchais' [illegible] a wag [illegible] gone."

[illegible]

[illegible] its address."

Some one asked Piron what was the difference between a woman and a looking-glass. "A very marked one," was his answer. "A woman speaks without reflecting, whereas a looking-glass reflects without speaking."

Voltaire, annoyed at the plagiarisms of certain academicians, complained of them to Sedaine. "It is a pity," said he, "that other people are not like you, for you take nothing from any one." "I should be richer if I did," modestly replied Sedaine.

While driving in a close carriage on the boulevard, during a heavy shower of rain, a friend of Bievre, the great punster, beheld the Marquis making signals to him from the footway. Telling the driver to stop, he inquired what was the matter. "Matter!" exclaimed Bievre. "Let me in! I am wet through!" "Well, now," coolly answered his friend, "you must excuse me, but I really do not see the point of the joke. Drive on, coachman."

Cardinal Richelieu, who prided himself, it is said, far more on having written the tragedy of "Mirame" than on his ecclesiastical dignity, and whose especial delight was to be regarded as an enlightened patron of men of letters, remarked one day to Bautru that he had not seen Guez de Balzac for some weeks, and asked if he were ill. "He has a bad cold, your eminence," replied the cynical humorist; "and, considering that he only talks about himself, and takes off his hat as a mark of respect every time he speaks, he is not likely to get rid of it in a hurry."

BESSEMER, Ala., is one year old, and has between three and four thousand inhabitants.

PERSONAL.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWN says that humor and inhumanity are antipodes.

ELIJAH GIBBONS, of Irontown, Ohio, is 105 years old and frisky as a boy.

LELAND STAFFORD once thought he was doing well to earn $1,500 a year.

SENATOR PALMER can write as beautiful an essay as the best of the litterateurs.

COL. LAMAR FONTAINE, of Canton, Miss., drives a pair of pet bears in a buggy.

IRISH Secretary Balfour has the curious habit of going bareheaded in the open air.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, the Canadian Premier, has been compelled to part with his wisdom teeth.

BRAYTON IVES has probably the most valuable collection of manuscripts and rare books in America.

THE Rev. John Jasper, the colored minister of "the sun do move" fame, has been preaching since 1840.

EDWARD GEORGE WASHINGTON BUTLER is the oldest living graduate of the West Point Military Academy.

THE Austrian Prime Minister's tailor recently had it printed in the newspapers that he was not responsible for the Premier's lack of style.

HENRY GEORGE, the celebrated socialist, has his office in close and dingy quarters on the top floor of an old building in Union Square, New York.

THE Crown Prince of Sweden at a hotel in Franzensbad was robbed of his jewels and $100,000 in property, some of it of great historical and artistic value.

GEORGE W. VANDERBILT is the one invalid of the Vanderbilt family. His physicians have declared him in imminent danger of going into a fatal decline and have prescribed gymnasium exercise.

A Phantom Burial.

Some years ago, when I was a schoolboy attending school at Calvary, Ga., I, in company with one of my cousins, witnessed one of the most wonderful of spirit processions.

'Twas on Friday afternoon, in the spring of the year, and we were on our way from school. We came down the road laughing and talking together. We were just opposite the graveyard at the Primitive Baptist Church (Piedmont), where we witnessed one of the grandest burials imaginable. Just in front of us, as silent as moonlight, came the burial procession. On, on it came. First the corpse in a blue wagon drawn by two white mules. Then the mourners in black. Then the rest of the procession in all the colors of the rainbow, moving with silent tread to the grave, they halted, lifted the coffin from the wagon, lowered it into the grave, and filled it. Then reentering their wagons and buggies, all of them moved off, passing over graves, trees, and everything else in the way. The whole procession then disappeared like a mist. We knew all the people, and knew whom they buried. When it disappeared we went home in a hurry and told my mother about it. She would not let us tell Uncle J. and his wife, because it was their little girl we saw buried. She was at the time, to my certain knowledge, well and hearty. Before Saturday night she was a corpse, and she was carried to the grave in exactly the same way with the same we had witnessed.—[illegible]

[illegible] Thought It Would.

[illegible] a [illegible] After keeping it about a fortnight her visitor returned the volume with profuse thanks. "How did you like it?" was asked. "Very well, indeed; but I knew how it would turn out before I was half through. They get married after all."—*Albany Journal.*

Where Whisky is a Drug.

"Papa," asked little Johnny McSwilliker, "what is meant when anything is a drug on the market?"

"It means there is but little demand for it, Johnny."

"[illegible] not always the case in a prohibition State?"

"What not, Johnny?"

"[illegible] whisky is a drug there."—[illegible] *Chronicle.*

The Price of Sorrow.

A live Congressman may not be worth 10 cents a pound, but he's awfully expensive when you come to bury him. Still, in justice to the Congressman, we must say that he doesn't cost the Government very much, after all. "Tain't the funeral that runs the bill up into the thousands, it's the cocktails, and he doesn't get one of 'em."—*Burdette.*

Like the Light Weights

Of the profession pugilistic, the kidneys are small but active in a state of health. Their secretion contains impurities productive of rheumatism, gout and dropsy, if allowed to remain. When they are inactive, the blood becomes choked with animal debris capable of destroying life. To promote their activity when sluggish with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is not only to guard against the diseases mentioned, but to prevent the fatty degeneration and ultimate destruction of the organs by those exceedingly dangerous maladies—Bright's disease and diabetes. Activity of the bladder also insures it against the formation of gravel, which it sometimes requires one of the most dangerous and painful operations in surgery to remove. Gravel, moreover, is a most agonizing complaint. The Bitters further commend themselves by remedying constipation, dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint and nervousness, and nullify influences productive of malarial disease.

An Evening Out.

Robinson (who has had an evening out)—Well, good-night, boyah. Had (hic) splen' time. Goo'-night.

Brown—Do you think you'll be able to find the key-hole when you get home, Robinson?

Robinson (thoughtfully)—Fin' keyhole? I shay (hic) Brown, I'll be lucky 'f I fin' housh.—*New York Sun.*

A FARMER at Petaluma, Cal., recently had a nest of fur hen's eggs hatched by a quail. The bird hovered and cared for the little chicks the same as the hens in the barnyard.

W[illegible] music is never so well ap[illegible] played by a rubber [illegible]

Cured of Malaria.

22 FLORIDA ST., ELIZABETH, N. J.,
March 17, 1884.

I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for the last five years. Some two years ago, after having been sick for upward of six months with malaria, I found myself with an enlarged spleen, dyspeptic, and constantly troubled with a headache, and my kidneys did not act very well either. Having spent most of my money for medicine and medical advice, I thought, to save expense, I would use ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, two on the small of my back, one on the spleen or ague cake, and one on the pit of the stomach, just under the breastbone. I continued using the Plasters about thirty days, changing them every week. At the end of that time I was perfectly well, and have remained so ever since.

GEORGE DIXON.

The Consumptive's Prior Claim.

Down at Albuquerque there was one special consumptive who, being that, felt that somehow no other consumptive should be permitted in the place. He was a character, noted for going on frequent "benders" until he came near to having the jimjams, and then sobering up. He had a kind of privilege in the town and became jealous of it. One day another consumptive put in an appearance, much to the prior resident's disgust. They met. The old resident eyed the newcomer all over. Then he said:

"Say, you've come here to die, I s'pose. Well, there ain't much life between us. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go across the way and shake the dice with you for a coffin."

"Goes!" said the other.

The old resident lost the shake, and he went off at once on a terrific jamboree and died. The newcomer was so mad he went raving about the place.

"He did it to get out of paying for that coffin. That's the meanest trick I ever had done to me."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we peruse with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophe, and are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can restore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

Advised His Mother.

A Howard street mother has considerable trouble with a little incorrigible. He is chock full of natural depravity, and yet is exceedingly bright.

"I declare, Georgie, I don't know what to do to you," she said the other day. "I have punished you severely half a dozen times for this same offense, but it does no good."

"It seems that it doesn't," he said. "Mother, I tell you what I'd do, were I you. I'd just give up in despair."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A [illegible] specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Dar er nuffin cheaper er mo' pleasin' dan s'ef-satisfaction.—[illegible]

A Wonderful Food and Medicine.

[illegible]

The [illegible] has one strong point, but it is not [illegible]

Genteel Quacks.

"Yes, it pays," said a big, fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth $40,000 a year." "Women?" "Yes; you've guessed it first time. They pay $10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays!" And Dr. H—— laughed long and loud. This is quackery—gilt-edged, genteel quackery—to keep suffering woman paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them nor rob them.

Now, the trout fisherman will begin to reel in his line and to reel off his lies.—*Boston Post.*

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemp's Balsam. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

W'AT I call a dilemma am holin' a mad goat by de hawns wid no fence at han'.—*The Judge.*

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is an unfailing cure for all diseases [illegible] up the whole system. It is sure and [illegible] in its action.

A WOMAN is never prettier than she wants to be.—*Washington Critic.*

Moxie has created the greatest excitement as a beverage, in the [illegible] years, ever witnessed, from the fact that it brings nervous, exhausted, overworked women to good powers of endurance in a few days; cures the appetite for liquor and tobacco at once, and has recovered a large number of cases of old, helpless paralysis as a food only.

ORANGE (New Jersey) blossoms—mosquito bites.—*Epoch.*

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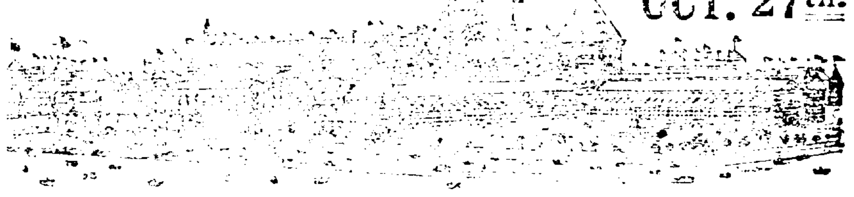

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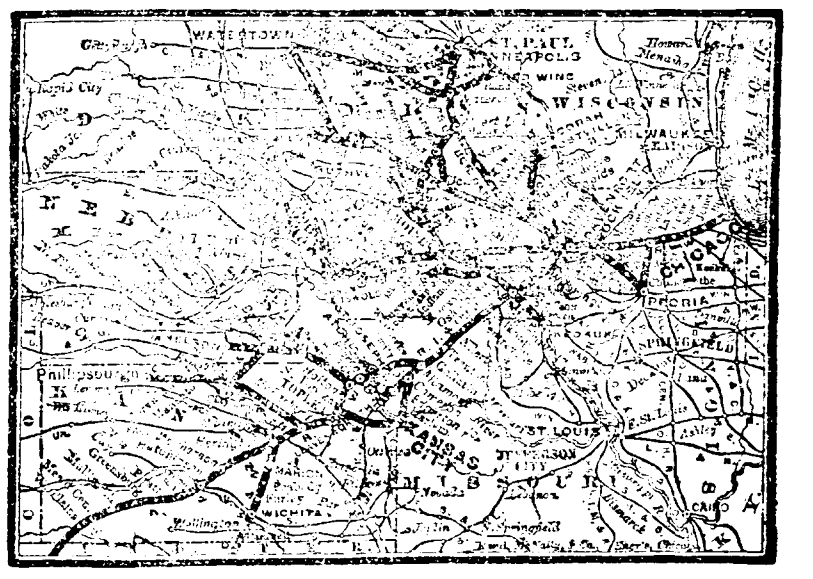

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The Comfort a Poor Old Lady Found in a Cloud—Antiquity of Faith Cures.

Jesus a Glorious Reality.

I declare to every reader, that we can know God—know Him as we never did and never can know any earthly friend. I feel that Jesus is more real to me than my best friends, more real than my children, more real than my own loved wife, who so sweetly walks with me in the full liberty of this glorious way. Sometimes I feel that He is more real than myself, so marvelously close is the union between us. He has pardoned my sin, He has sanctified my soul, He has healed my body of mortal disease when the best physicians could do nothing; and He has shown me Himself as my all in all. Oh, that I had a voice to shout around this world, so that everything that hath breath might hear, Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!—*Kelso Carter.*

Comfort in a Cloud.

A friend of mine told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble, in her little room: but she always seemed cheerful. She knew the rock.

"Why," said he, "Mary, you must have very dark days, they must overcome you with clouds sometimes."

"Yes," she said, "but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud."

"Comfort in a cloud, Mary?"

"Yes," she said, "when I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud, I think of those precious words, '*A cloud received Him out of their sight;*' and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides Him, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

Antiquity of Faith Cures.

The power of mind over body for disease or for health is no new notion. The medicine man has practiced it for ages among savage tribes. In the temples of ancient paganism cures were wrought by treatment which suggests an early form of mesmerism. A disease, which is an illusion, may be cured by a remedy which is an illusion. Imagination which cures imaginative diseases, may aid in curing most actual disease. Every physician knows the importance of mental states in curative processes. Even a broken bone will keep better under the influence of a happy mind. Cancer may be removable only by a knife, but the best plaster afterward is an easy mind. Cholera germs are most actual physical forces, but they find no condition for action in the man whose nerves are braced by fearlessness. The mind cure has systematized common sense concerning mental influences on the body. The philosophy of the power of mind over matter is as old as Plato and the Hindus. It is exaggerated and sometimes caricatured in the metaphysics of this new system.—*Rev. R. Heber Newton.*

A Very Grave Symptom.

For the past ten years the Baptist churches of this country have been increasing with an average annual increment of not less than 100,000 members. This is the most rapid rate of increase reported by any religious denomination, and if the present rate is maintained we shall outnumber the Methodists, and become the largest Protestant body on this continent. Growth so wonderful imposes great obligations, and should be accompanied by corresponding enlargement of missionary operations in all fields. * * There is no graver symptom connected with our missionary enterprises than this failure of the churches to increase their ordinary contributions from year to year in proportion to their own increase in numbers and means of giving. Unless something can be done to remove this difficulty, there is great danger of a general paralysis of all our missionary operations. The fields are opening up wonderfully, both at home and abroad. There is ample opportunity for twice the number of laborers that are now in these fields. The providence of God calls us to go up and possess the land, and shall we answer, like His rebellious people of old, that we are not able to do it?—*The Examiner (Baptist).*

The Line of Duty.

The Saviour said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." This means vastly more than church membership, more than a mere profession of faith. It refers not to a negative but an affirmative Christian life. Not a self-pleasing, censorious, or self-righteous profession; not simply "avoiding the very appearance of evil," being good, but it means doing good. Walking as Christ walked; seeking not your own happiness, but the happiness of others. As "He laid down His life for us, we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." To be keenly alive to the great need of the world and seeking to supply that need. Walking worthy of the vocation whereunto ye are called. How can we hope to be disciples while selfishly planning our own rest or ease? Very few Christians, comparatively, make any sacrifice for God; when we surrender comfort, endure some hardship or [illegible] until we are weariness or fainting we may be in the line of duty.—*Methodist Advocate.*

"Christian Scientists" and Experience.

The people calling themselves "Christian Scientists" profess to regard pain as an imaginary thing, and assert with a good degree of gusto, that whatever suffering we experience, is mental, and not physical. Hence in harmony with this declaration they teach, that if we, by the power of the will, supplemented by the power of the Holy Spirit, resolve that we are not afflicted, all the pain we imagine to exist in our physical constitution will disappear. This may be called the "oil of consolation" when prescribed for our friend, but when a "Christian Scientist" is compelled to take this same prescription in the light of experience, he realizes a great difference.

The Chicago *Times* gives the following amusing incident which occurred in that city. A "Christian Scientist" conducted a funeral at the home of a friend, who believed in the same doctrine. The burden of his remarks was that there is no pain, no grief, no death in this world, save that which we imagine. He repeated this statement several times. At the close of the service the minister, while following the pallbearers as they carried the corpse down the slippery steps, lost his footing and fell on the middle of his back, striking very heavily about five steps down and nearly breaking his spinal column. He was helped to his feet, and, with his hand on his back, walked around, groaning in the most piteous manner. One of his followers came to him gravely repeating: "No pain, no suffering, no grief," but it is not probable that his oft-repeated doctrine brought any consolation in the hour of real experience."

There must be much pleasure and profit, even if much pain in experience. Experience might even change one's doctrine; it ought such non-sensical doctrine as that. "Christian Science," socalled, is calculated to disturb the faith of the people in the truth of the gospel, and therefore should be repudiated by the church.—*Methodist Advocate.*

GREATEST EATER ON RECORD.

In the "*Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*" Dr. Percy tells of a soldier named Tarare. This man was born near Lyons and came up to Paris, where his first exploit was to eat a basket of apples at a friend's expense. On various occasions he swallowed a series of corks and other indigestible materials which produced such violent colic that he was obliged to attend the Hotel Dieu, and while being examined almost managed to swallow the watch chain and seals of the surgeon in attendance, M. Giraud. On the occasion of one of these attacks of colic it was tried to frighten him out of his gross habits by declaring that it would be necessary to open his stomach, and the doctor proceeded to arrange his instruments accordingly. Tarare, however, found an opportunity to run away, and relieved himself by taking copious draughts of warm water. Soon after he found his appetite had really increased to an excessive amount, probably owing to the irritation produced by these absurd tricks. At 17 years of age, when only weighing 100 pounds, he could eat twenty-four pounds of beef in as many hours. He now entered the army, and being recognized by the Surgeon Major, M. Courville, of the 9th regiment of hussars, was detained for the sake of curiosity. From the day of his admission he was ordered quadruple rations, with pickings and waste meat, but often slipped into the dispensary and laid hands on anything eatable. One day he was observed to seize a large cat, and, after sucking his blood, left in a very short time only cleanly picked bones, the hair being rejected in the case of half an hour like that of other carnivora. He was fond of serpents and eels, swallowing them whole. On another occasion he consumed in a few minutes a repast spread out for fifteen German workpeople of milk, etc., after which he was blown out like a balloon. In the presence of some officers he swallowed at one sitting thirty pounds of liver and lights. His insatiable appetite was for once in his life made useful by his being selected to carry a correspondence between Gen. Beauharnais and a French Colonel, which was inserted in a box and swallowed, but he was caught and soundly thrashed. On one occasion he fell under suspicion of having eaten a child 14 months old. It is affirmed that he was of mild and gentle manners and aspect. After death his stomach was found in a very diseased condition. *London Standard.*

AN EXPERT PROOF-READER.

The *Graphic* says that Joseph McCreery, a Philadelphia proof-reader, has gained eminence as a scholar, simply from the inquiries into language, science, and belles-letters which he found necessary to make in order to qualify himself properly to read the proofs of the wide range of publications of the publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Company. His expertness in his calling is remarkable. That, however, is but a small part of his wonderful furnishing. From the exigencies arising in that calling he has become so familiar with French, Spanish, and several Oriental languages that scholars in those tongues discuss points of scholarship with him often to their improvement. He is the one man so far known to whom men deeply learned have been known to refer in the matter of accents, orthography, and idiomatic phrases in the specialties upon knowledge of which they pride themselves. They go to him as they would to a professor of acknowledged erudition, and feel perfectly easy if their profusions pass [illegible] under his criticism [illegible]

THE MARTYRS OF LIFE.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Preaches to a Chautauqua Assembly.

The Sword Has Not Slain So Many as the Needle—The Majority of Martyrs Are Women.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to throngs innumerable at the Lakeside (Ohio) Chautauqua. The subject of his sermon was: "The Martyrs of Everyday Life." He took for his text: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness." II. Timothy ii, 3. Dr. Talmage said:

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftians. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons, and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver, or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than those whose names startled the nations; and seraph, and rapt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of the common, everyday life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job he said to God: "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out what we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile. To be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot. To have luxuriant fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter. To have the rapier of pain strike through the side, or across the temples, like a razor, or to put the foot into a vise, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distresses that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels. The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good-night" was feebler than the "good-night" before—yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battle-field amid shot and shell were not so much heroes and heroines as those who in the field hospital and in the asylum had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness, and aching, and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of Heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of spinal complaint. Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines. They shall reign forever and ever.

Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain." Bless God for that.

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is *comparatively easy* to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing where you expect that the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you to be done over again; to build a wall and there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim, and your back aches, and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battlefields of our last war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields of the last war were in the arsenals, and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of God, this day I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing-machine. Heroes of the attic. Heroes of the cellar. Heroes and heroines. Bless God for them.

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who for their toil and anxiety have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipations but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in this country today, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of a fist; unkind words, staggerings home at midnight, and constant maltreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but here is a fifty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at 2 o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love, and kindness, and protection got nothing but sympathy, and [illegible] and rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow. When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash and the opening of a celestial door and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in Heaven." What is the highest throne in Heaven? You say: "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in Heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines.

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who gave tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects.

But I am speaking this morning of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as these Christian missionaries of the west, who are living on $250 a year that they may proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the Secretary in New York, saying "I thank you for that $25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel; and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give 25 cents to somebody else; and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well appareled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in Heaven.

They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give His reward to those humble workers in His kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant." You have all seen or heard of the ruin of Melrose abbey. I suppose in some respects it is the most exquisite ruin on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey—the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for many years in his house—the inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it.

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier, and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked, and she cried. He said: "Don't cry; don't cry; this isn't a thumbscrew; this is a *nosegay.*" And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have laid your holy heads together determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, sniveling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you old pragmatical, lest you should catch cold in this cool morning of Scotland, and for the honor and safety of the King, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the most expeditious style possible to blow your brains out." John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the King, the council, and Richard Cameron." "O! Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love thee better and serve thee more, I put this poor woman and these helpless, fatherless children into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in Heaven, and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature—may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most unworthy, but faithful servant. Amen." He rose up and said: "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but well of him, and I think [illegible] who had scepters, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe! woe! woe!

But there is great excitement in Heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is the coronation day in Heaven.

Who are these riding on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of Heaven? Who are they? Why they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these His dear children; and one day the Lord struck His hand so hard on His thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in His buckler, as He said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you?

I preached this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you, to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house and you do not know where your children are to get their bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the South will let you freeze for lack of clothes?" Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain-field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am I old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O, troubled soul! O, sewing woman! O, man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers. O! ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O, ye bereft one, O! ye sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

CURIOUS FACTS.

A pound of pennies is worth $142. A pound of five-cent pieces is worth $455.50.

A Maine baby has been christened Anna Versary because she was born on the anniversary of the parents' marriage.

A new French device for applying perfume is a pencil, which is rubbed on the article to be scented. All the fashionable odors, such as violet, heliotrope, etc., are now sold in this form in Paris.

The smallest circular saw in use is one used in slitting gold pens. It is a disk about the size of a 5-cent piece, and has the thickness of ordinary paper. Its velocity tends to keep it rigid enough for use, 400 revolutions a minute being the ordinary rate of these diminutive saws.

Austrian engineers speak favorably of Gieszil's pilot engine for preventing railway collisions. It is worked by electricity, under the control of the engineer, and is run at any desired distance in front of the train, which stops automatically on encountering any obstacle.

Much of the so-called ivory now in use is simply potato. A good sound potato washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution, and then slowly dried, is all ready to be turned into buttons, poker chips and innumerable other things that ivory was used for once upon a time.

It is reported that a "devil-fish" or ocean vampire, weighing fully two tons, was recently caught in a fishing seine on the Mexican coast near Tampico. When dead and spread out on the beach it presented every appearance of an enormous bat or vampire. It was fifteen feet long and seventeen feet wide from the edges of the pectoral fins, and its mouth was five feet across.

For painting walls or other objects exposed to damp, a composition is said to be much used in Germany for very fine fillings and linseed-oil varnish; and when the object to be painted is to undergo frequent changes of temperature, linseed oil and amber varnish are added to the first two coats. This paint may be applied to wood, stone or iron; in the case of the latter it is not necessary to free it first from rust or oily matters.

A Maltese cat and a large rattlesnake had a fight in a yard at Albany, Ga. Every time the snake would attempt to strike with its wicked looking fangs, the cat would give it a vigorous slap on the side of the head and it would be withdrawn. This lasted for fully an hour, when at last the cat pounced upon the snake and killed it. The cat was a very large one. The story is told by the wife of a Methodist presiding elder, who owned the cat.

A medical journal states that new experiments have changed old theories upon the best methods of treating frost bites. A physician froze sixty dogs into a condition of completely suspended animation; twenty of these were treated by the usual method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, and of these fourteen perished; twenty were treated in a warm apartment and eight of these died; while of the remaining twenty, which were put at once in a hot bath, all recovered.

An extraordinary story comes from Pittsburgh, Pa. It is said that Mrs. Wilson, of that place, who is about forty years of age, has just received her third set of natural teeth. Abut six weeks ago she had all the teeth on her upper jaw drawn, having previously lost several of them, and was suffering from violent aches in the rest. The intention was to have a set of artificial teeth made as soon as the gums hardened. The wounds healed up, but soon after began to swell and become very sore. Lancing the gums showed a brand-new tooth was pushing its way through. A few days showed a full upper set of solid, white, and serviceable teeth forcing their [illegible]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Notes on the Lesson for August 5—"The Burnt Offering."

(From the Chicago Standard.)

The lesson for above date may be found in the first nineteen verses of the first chapter of Leviticus.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

And the Lord called unto Moses. The call of God in the Mosaic rite. For three lessons now we shall be listening to these meaningful voices. First, it is in the burnt-offering; next, in the sin-offering; finally, in one of the feasts, the feast of tabernacles. In each God makes his holy nature and his gracious purpose known. The Old Testament is full of the intimations of God's love for a lost world. God speaks to us through Moses and the law. By putting all the utterances together we make up our conception of the divine character. It is something like a composite photograph in things of sight. A boy had lost a dear little sister whose face was only in his memory. He asked so often for her picture that at last a famous artist took the lad to a children's picture-gallery. "There," said the boy, pointing to one portrait, "those were her eyes; that," pointing to another, "was like her mouth." The painter put them all together and made a good portrait. So we gather up the scattered divulgences in the Scriptures, and on the heart's tablet there stands out clear and distinct the image of the Father.

Out of the tabernacle of the congregation. How full of God that ancient tabernacle was! The mercy-seat, the ark of the covenant with its law-tablet, its pot of manna and its budded rod, the incense altar, the shew-bread and the golden candlestick—all said God is nigh. That ancient tabernacle sanctified all the earth and taught us to find with reverent hearts God everywhere. Through its rent veil shines earth and sky, ocean and landscape, testifying of God. The heart of man is his holy place, all nature the tent of his tabernacle. Let all life take on sacredness, let every avocation be a priestly ministry. "God is no-where," wrote the infidel; "God is now-here," his little daughter spelled it. God enable us to speak oftener as in the tabernacle of his presence. The soldier pacing his beat and thinking with overflowing heart of his new-found hope, half unconsciously sang out when asked for the pass-word, "The precious blood of Christ!" The word went like an arrow to the heart of a comrade. We are in God's tabernacle. His redeeming work is going on all around us. Let us listen to words out of the tabernacle of the congregation, and speak them, too.

A burnt sacrifice. There were five offerings in all. Leviticus i. tells us of the [illegible] sacrifice, as coming from the herd of cattle (v. 3), the flocks of sheep (v. 10), or the feathered fowls (v. 14). The second chapter tells of the *meat* offering, which was to be of fine flour (v. 1), or an offering baked in the oven (v. 4), or an oblation of the first fruits (v. 12). The third chapter introduces the *peace*-offering, the fourth the *sin*-offering and the fifth the *trespass*-offering. The peculiar mark of the burnt-offering was its completeness, and that not simply as to the character of the offering, but as to the thoroughness of its consumption. Whatever else it vaguely or passingly intimated, its pre-eminent declaration was *dedication.* Hence a better golden text for this lesson would be Rom. 12; 1: "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." The one chosen by the committee (Isa. 53: 6) would seem to us more applicable to the succeeding lesson. In a word, with the sin and trespass offerings they came for *expiation;* with the burnt-offering, for *dedication;* with the meat-offering, for *thanksgiving;* and with the peace-offering, for *supplication.* Four altars there are in the Christian life, correspondingly, and the one which tells most of all is the altar of burnt-offering or conseeration.

Let him offer a male. There was a prescribed pattern. Of that we have a vague hint in the contrasted sacrifices of Cain and Abel. In the burt-offering, with all of its spontaneousness, there was mark of divine authority and sovereignty. At this point the demand upon man was simple obedience. With him there was no option as to the essential character of the sacrifice. It was to be a living male, either of the herd or of the flock or, in case of poverty, of the fowls. At any rate, there was to be a living sacrifice, under prescribed limitations, to fulfill the import of the offering. Suppose one had come then and said, all that is needed is the answer of a good conscience. I will bring a measure of fine flour or a cluster of the fruit of the vine. What would it have been? A meat-offering, at least, you say. No. It was not offered as a grateful meat-offering, but as a submissive burnt-offering. As such it would be a human substitute, a travesty, a plain disobedience of the clear and explicit requirements of God. In ordinances of obedience let us above all *obey.* O, yes, friend at the altar, a few drops gracefully sprinkled on the infant's face that is very pretty as an act of consecration; but soberly, ought you to call it baptism, in loyalty to Christ's expressed command?

Without blemish. This was the other requirement. First the sacrifice was to be *exact,* after the pattern set in the mount. *Second* it was to be *complete,* perfect after its kind. No partial offering would suffice, no lame or limping kine, no dwarfed sheep. Alas, that it should ever be so. We come to make a perfect sacrifice, the whole burnt-offering, body, soul, spirit, consecrated to God. And we withhold just a little. Some chosen folly, some darling sin, an idol of the heart is reserved. A trifle it is, only a blemish—but that is enough. The smoke of our offering returns. Remember Ananias and Sapphira. Without blemish. There are no such things as trifles in matters of love and devotion. The least withholding of loyal homage or affection indicates the presence of another love, another master. Take an everyday illustration. There is before us one of Cheyne Brady's picture stories. A man is sitting by a midnight lamp holding his watch in one hand and a filled pipe in the other. He has promised not to smoke for a year, and watch and tobacco ready he is counting the remaining minute of the old year. To-morrow he will smoke away the livelong day. And the question asked above the picture is pertinent, "Have you asked your Master's leave?"

At the door of the tabernacle. Two things are employed in this. First of all: it was the initial sacrifice after entrance at the gate of the court. Before any other of the sweet savor offerings could be made, this voluntary rite of consecration was to be performed. All things were to be done, as subsequently noted, "in order." It is an important principle. If you feel that God for Christ's sake has forgiven your sins, come first to this altar and come at once. In the second place, it was a public and open act. The self-dedication was made where the vow could be witnessed by others. Once or twice in our limited experience we have known or heard of persons asking entrance to the church by private ceremony. Is it ever either wise or orderly to grant it?

Before the Lord. This is the sole direction of the sacrifice. The offering is not unto priest or people, but "unto the Lord." And He sees it. We passed a man down on South Water street the other day. He was sorting out some peaches, very spotted and moldy-looking. They went into a basket and a bit of red gauze was drawn over them. Beside him was a basket of the fruit thus doctored. To the unskilled eye the peach looked fair and tempting; but he had no purchasers among the market men. Remember, when you come into the Lord's house with your burnt-offering that there is no netting 'twixt God's eye and the sacrifice. He takes it for just what it actually and heartily is.

Sprinkle the blood. It meant the life given. In all of this there is a constant reference to Christ as the perfect sacrifice. The suppliant came, and putting his hand upon the offering signified its substitutionary character. Its shed blood sprayed upon the altar, the blood representing life, betokened the devotion of the very soul of the offerer to the God of that altar. Christ died for us—our substitute. His blood poured forth means not simply our atonement by sacrifice but our self-devotion in the sacrifice. One with Him for salvation, we are also one with Him in self-giving. His example uplifts us while His grace redeems. Upon the banners of the Christian Endeavor Society which met at Battery D, in Chicago, a few weeks ago, could be read the conspicuous mottoes, "In His Name," and "For Christ and the Church." A new legend was added for the new year, "Not to Be Ministered Unto but to Minister." May we all take it.

Burn all on the altar. Nothing was to remain, not even for the priest's table; it was a whole burnt-offering unto God. It is the test we wait for ere the young convert can commend his faith to the church. A severe test it is at the outset, but a blessed test. "Better," said Rev. Wortly Drury, defending missionary training before the late London conference, [illegible]

RANDOM REMARKS.

BY FREDERIC TOWN[illegible]

The use of the term "limited" is getting to be very unlimited. A concern without much financial backing assumes this Anglomoniacal annex, generally. "Thus, "Uptosnuff & Ubest, Limited, bananas and boiled chestnuts." Likewise, a youth suffering from pecuniary stricture is apt to limit his range of society to one agony lady. The craze for limitation extends even to railroad passes, statutes, and the tails of showy roadsters. I beg to observe:

In these days of corruption, gangrene and decay,
When officials light out, leaving bondsmen to pay,
With bankers and aldermen all making hay,
Honest men sink as oft as they swim it.
Now fashion steps forward and gives us a [illegible];
If an excess of silver don't bulge out our [illegible]
We can hoist a gilt sign, and our profits enhance
By claiming a partnership limit!

⁂

Biles, an inveterate poker player and a very absent-minded fellow, too, is getting married.

She (prompting)—Take my hand.

He (stage whisper)—Can't; I'm broke.

Parson—I pronounce you man and wife.

⁂

"Have you 'Plutarch's Lives'?" asked she.

"Just one left," responded the clerk.

⁂

The college graduate, just engaged from the Cornell department of journalism, was back from his first assignment—a fire. He sat down at his desk, and his lurid ideas began to flow.

"P-s-s-s-t-t!!" (Speaking tube.)

"Well?" (Classical reporter.)

"Copy!" (Foreman composing room up-stairs.)

"All right, sir; in a moment, please."

Budding journalist sweats his hair [illegible] for three-quarters of an hour, and final[illegible] relinquishes his task, satisfied that h[illegible] manuscript bears the elegance of D[illegible] Johnson's.

Then he places the article in the [illegible] copy box and hoists it up the flue.

Bang-clang-smash-bur-r-r-r-r! (Co[illegible] box falling down the shaft.)

"What's the matter sir?" (Frig[illegible]ened novice.)

"Your confounded old copy is so [illegible] of jaw-breakers they're caught in [illegible] line and upset the box."

* * * * * *

(Two weeks later. Seven-syllabled member of the staff has been instructed to condense everythi[illegible])

"P-s-s-s-t-t!"

"Shut up! I hear you."

"Send up report of Dairy Men's Convention."

"Here she goes."

(Supposed lapse of five seconds.)

"P-s-s-s-s-s-t-t-t!"

"Dry up! What do you want?"

"Where's that report?"

"In the box."

"There's only a tin can here."

"Well, that's it—condensed milk."

⁂

Children should learn rapidly in industrial schools if old saws are made plane. Heretofore the bulk of knowledge has been hammered in.

⁂

A bachelor friend of mine calls his neighbor's baby "Chestnut," because he has heard it so often.

⁂

Three men stood at a bar all day long, shaking dice for drinks. One of them stopped me that evening [illegible]: "There are getting to be too many [illegible] men in this country. The poor [illegible] do all the work, and they get the profits."

⁂

Mr. Arthur de Bemiss is the idol of his boarding-house though past forty, and affects an air of coquettish gallantry that fits him rather on the ready-made plan. At a party the other night he outdid himself in attentions to a lady and scored a brilliant record till she happened to mention her prospective removal to Chicago.

"So sorry," said Bemiss, in a fair imitation of a melancholy tone; "but," brightening up as a faded remnant of a chivalric quotation was brought to light in his memory, "what's our gain will be Chicago's loss."

The chill that followed took the vanilla flavor all out of the ice cream he was eating.

⁂

Fortheoming books:

"My Slumber in a Garden," by A. Tramp.

"Toothpick Papers," by Potter Palmer.

"Chestnuts," by E. P. Roe.

"Leaves of Hay and Baled Grass," by Walt Whitman and Bill Nye.

"Turned On," by Edgar Fawcett.

⁂

"You can learn so much history from our minister's sermon," said old Mrs. Simple. "He is a very hysterical preacher, indeed."

Peculiar Business Methods.

It is a peculiarity of the Indian of Ecuador that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will he trade anywhere but in the market-place, in the spot where he and his forefathers have sold "garden-truck" for three centuries. Although travelers on the highways meet armies of Indians bearing heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies upon their backs, they can purchase nothing from them, as the native will not sell his goods until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them. He will carry them ten miles and dispose of them for less than he was offered for them at home. We met one day an old woman trudging along with a heavy basket of pineapples and other fruits, and tried to relieve her of part of her load, offering ten cents for pineapples which could be obtained for a quartillo (two and a half cents) in market. She was polite, but firm, and declined to sell anything until she got to town, although there was a weary, dusty journey of two leagues ahead of her.—*Wm. E. Curtis, in the American Magazine.*

Plain Enough.

"Nice little girl that you had with you the other night at the theater, Smith?"

"Yes, pretty nice; but she is apt to be strong-minded and sarcastic at times."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; and it makes the nicest girl disagreeable to show such a disposition."

"I should say so. But I don't understand it at all in her case. I had her out to a little gathering of two a few weeks ago, and butter wouldn't melt in her mouth."

"Well that is [illegible]

"Oh, [illegible]

Company.

-:- Men.

big lot of those popular

Shirts at 68c.

of Utica Nonpareil as nicely made as we sell for $1 and the difference being the trimmings only.

Percale Shirts

for $1, reduced to 75c;
for $1.25, reduced to 98.

Gauze Underwear,

25c, 30c, 40c and 50c.

nnel Dress Shirts

a variety of plaids and stripes.

e Dress Shirts!

With Pique and Plete Bosoms.

a very few of those Half Hose left at 25c, but they are good.

ONYX

Black Half Hose, perfectly fast, warranted fast.

Root & Company

An Elephant Funeral.

The following letter from a planter in Ceylon mentions an extraordinary incident—the removal of the body of a dead elephant by its comrades of the herd: "I went after a herd of eight elephants, and came up with them about 3 p. m. After stalking I got a chance at the one which seemed about the biggest of the herd, and dropped it at the first shot. It turned out to be a big cow elephant. About two hours afterward I had the tail and feet cut off and taken to the bungalow. Next morning I went to the spot to look at the elephant and found her, or what remained of her, *non est*. After looking around, I saw the herd had been around during the night, and I soon discovered a track where they seemed to have retired in a body. I followed this through a thick bamboo jungle, and about 500 yards further on, I came upon the dead elephant, lying in the bottom of a rocky stream. Judging from appearances, the body of the elephant had been carried to the top of the bank, and from there rolled into the stream. From the tracks, it was plain that the body had not been rolled but carried to the bank and it was plain that it had been rolled through the managrass, which grows on the sides of the stream. The jungle through which the body was brought to the stream was very heavy, with bamboos growing close, and the track which the elephants made was several yards wide. Some surprise was expressed at the circumstances to my neighbors till I showed them where the elephant had been shot and where its tail and feet had been cut off, and where the body lay in the stream, which proved conclusively that by some means or other the body had got over the intervening space in the night." It is difficult to understand how elephants with their trunks and feet could raise and support the dead body of a comrade. However, they seemed to have managed it.—*St. James Gazette.*

A Providence, R. I. foundry is engaged in casting the largest mining pump in the world for the Calumet and Hecla, of Michigan. A single section of it has been completed and weighs twenty tons. The unwatering of the mine will be done sooner than was expected.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

WE HAVE

SOLD HUNDREDS

OF OUR FINE

SUMMER

Coats and Vests!

Since our announcement of a

25 Per Cent. Discount

One these seasonable goods last Tuesday.

$6 Coats and Vests.............. $4.50
$5 Coats and Vests.............. 3.75
$4 Coats and Vests.............. 3.00

Come at once and secure the best selection.

Sam, Pete & Max.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lysle have returned from a visit to Ohio.

Mr. F. J. Miller, the druggist, is now occupying his handsome new store room on Lafayette street.

Mr. Will Noble has gone to Greenville, O., to spend the Sunday with Mrs. Noble, who is visiting her parents there.

Miss Clara Phelps and Miss Frances Hamilton, teachers in the public schools, left last evening for Chatauqua, N. Y., to attend the Assembly in session there.

Conductor Hayes, of the Wabash, railway, reports business increasing on that line, and tells us that Train Master Boughton organized three new freight crews yesterday morning.

R. L. Romy has been given a permit to build four one and one half story frame houses on lots 2, 3 and 4, Bass & Hughes' addition, to cost $500 each and H. L. Studor to build an addition to house on lot 24, Rockhill's addition, to cost $600.

The various lime companies at Huntington, yesterday, began burning lime in patent kilns, with petroleum as fuel. The work is in a measure an experiment, but if successful the kilns will be run to their fullest capacity with the crude oil.

The Lafayette *Courier* says: "Rev. Augustus Mahin, of Fort Wayne and Rev. Milton Mahin, of Bluffton, Ind., both eminent divines and pillars of support to the M. E. church, are attending the camp meeting at Battle Ground and visiting their aged mother who lives at that place.

In reply to a question from the Superintendent of public instruction, the attorney general has given the opinion, called forth by a special case, that a teacher who has been given a license for six months is not entitled to a renewal of it without examination, if he has not taught under it for any part of the time.

Mr. Joseph Loos, of the grocery firm of Henry Loos & Co., left this morning for Pueblo, Col., to take a position in one of the large railroad shops of that city. He was formerly connected with the Pittsburg and Bass works and is a good machinist. His brother is now in Colorado engaged in the railroad business.

The Warsaw *Times* says: "Theron P. Keator, of Fort Wayne, arrived in this city last evening and remained over night. Mr. Keator is thoroughly posted on the political situation in the state, and as he frequently visits different points his judgment is most excellent. He predicts a sweeping republican victory in Indiana, especially if no blunder is made at the state convention next week."

At a meeting of the Tiffin, Ohio, board of trade the free right-of-way through Tiffin and Clinton townships was guaranteed the New York, Mahoning and Western railway should it come to Tiffin. Vice President Haskell, of the Mahoning, says in regard to Tiffin's proposal to give the right-of-way through Tiffin and Hopewell townships, that the company can not consider such a proposition, as they have more right-of-way on the original line than on the proposed line.

The Huntington *Herald* says, "The sale of Huntington county school lands located in Maumee township, Allen county, Thursday, by County Auditor Heaston and County Treasurer Windle, was fully as satisfactory as expected. All but 120 acres of the three quarters sections of land offered were sold at prices ranging at from $10,00 to $18,75 per acre. The sale of 360 acres brought the sum of $4,980. The purchasers were a Mr. Edgerton, of Fort Wayne and Mr. Knoblauch, of Woodburn."

The railroad department of the Y. M. C. A. are busily engaged in making arrangements for their coming fair, which is to be held in the near future at the Princess rink. The ladies of the Pennsylvania company division have organized and elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Thos. Jackson; vice-presidents, Mrs. C. R. Higgins, Mrs. J. W. Morris, Mrs. C. H. Walton, Mrs. Riley, Mrs. Mahew and Mrs. Frank Grier. They will meet next Thursday evening to still further perfect arrangements.

The Tiffin *Tribune* says: "About seventy-five members of the board of trade and other citizens gathered at city hall last evening to discuss the matter of securing the New York, Mahoning and Western railway, Hon. James. A Norton presided, and B. G. Atkins acted as secretary. After remarks by several and the reading of the letter from Vice-President Haskell, Gen. Gibson was called upon and read a statement he had prepared to be presented to the road. After more discussion Gen. Gibson was appointed a committee of one to attend the meeting of the directors, if held in Ohio, or if not held in the [illegible]

John McCain is in the saloon business at Mackinac.

Hon. Wm. Fleming went to Chicago this morning.

Hon. James H. Rice returned to Muncie last evening.

Rev. Father O'Leary returned to-day from Indianapolis.

Mr. S. E. Morss returned to Indianapolis this morning.

Mrs. Laura E. Gage, of this city, is very ill in New Hampshire.

Mr. Fred Eckart, the pork packer, went to Berne, Ind., to-day

The Grand Rapids took a number of people to Rome City to-day.

The Wabash took a party of teachers to Chautauqua this morning.

Mr. Sam McClellan has recovered from his recent severe illness.

The big Louisiana lottery drawing occurs a week from next Tuesday.

Miss Hanna will give a reception at her East Berry street home this evening.

Miss Eva E. Ross, daughter of Judson P. Ross was adjudged insane yesterday.

The funeral of Anna, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christie, took place this afternoon.

Miss Eva Wade, of Chicago, is the guest of Miss Minnie Evans, of West Wayne street.

Miss Julia Ball, of Terra Haute, is the guest of Mrs. J. L. Williams, of West Wayne street.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. and A. M., will confer the third degree upon two candidates this evening.

The railroad cottage meeting was held last evening at the home of Mr. C. A. Hill, on Superior street.

Mrs. Mattie E. Cummons is in the city the guest of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Doyle, of 72 Nelson street.

Miss May Haffner, of Van Wert, Ohio is the guest of her friend, Miss Bessie Bledsoe, of East Main street.

Miss Mattie Seib, of Crestline, Ohio, is in the city the guest of her sister Mrs. Tom Hall, at 167 Holman street.

The funeral of the little son of Mr. Fred Behrman took place this afternoon from the residence on John street.

Mrs. Laura E. Gage, of Smith street, who is visiting friends in New Hampshire, is lying at the point of death.

William Boseker, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is building a handsome new residence on Wayne street.

A meeting of the Allen County Bible society will be held at the Second Presbyterian church Sunday evening, August 5.

The Thalonean and Philalathean literary societies of the M. E. college gave their regular weekly entertainments last evening.

Mrs. Dick Meyers left yesterday for a southern trip and the popular marshal is struggling with bachelor inconveniences.

Ed. Baldwin, night clerk at the police station, has resigned that position to accept a better one at the Pittsburg freight office.

Mrs. Mary Graham died last night and will be buried from her late residence, No. 601 Calhoun street, Sunday, Aug. 5th at 2 o'clock p. m.

Fred Strope, a worthless fellow, cut his throat with a razor last night, while shaving himself. Some people seem to think he meant to kill himself.

There are 120 men at work in the Pennsylvania company's new yards' shops. They are working on full time and are now repairing twelve cars a day.

Miss Dottie Boylan delivered a finely rendered declamation last evening at the entertainment given by the Philalathean Literary society of the Methodist college.

Mr. G. W. Seavey is arranging one of the handsome store rooms in Kane's block on West Main street and will occupy it with his hardware stock after August 15.

Mr. Joe Gough, the handsome mixer at Heilbronner & Brown's house of call, is at home from Cleveland. Gough is pronounced as cough. This phonetic explanation is due.

Mr. Ira Leedy, who is connected with the Kendallville *Standard*, is in the city, the guest of Mr. T. J. Logan. Mr. Leedy is a hustler in the newspaper business and a very pleasant young gentleman.

Among the brilliant participants in the program rendered last evening, at the entertainment of the Thalonian literary society were the Misses Anna and Alice Vordermark, Alice Hamil, Nora Alleman and Kate Sweeny.

The Misses Mary Robinson and Dessie Gruber rendered a delightful piano selection last evening, at the Philalathean entertainment and well spoken recitations were given by Miss Jennie Worley and Miss Annie Douglass.

"It is so warm," the maiden sighs,
  "Don't ask my help, mamma, I pray."
Then from the house she swiftly flies
  And lawn long tennis half the day.
    Col. Harry Gregg.

We notice that Anthony Otto, of Nevada, Iowa, is in the city making a visit with friends and intends to make this his home. He is an earnest worker for the Y. M. C. A. and he is well liked by all he comes in contact with. May he have a very pleasant time during his stay in the city.

Rev. Shoenfarber conducted the services at the Hebrew Temple last evening for the first time for several weeks, as he has been absent from the city on his summer vacation. He also preached a masterly sermon to his congregation this morning. Rev. Schoenfarber is one of the best pulpit orators of the city.

The members of the famous company "Q" tells us that as soon as a permanent organization is affected they will give a grand parade. This company is not a political organization, but is composed entirely of old soldiers. At their last visit to Van Wert, Ohio, the roll call showed a large number in line. They are receiving new recruits every day.

Mr. J. H. Ottenweller, of Marion township, is certainly entitled to carry the belt as the champion oats binder of this part of the country. Yesterday he bound by hand, on the Greaser farm out on the Piqua road, five acres of oats in [illegible]

ECHOES OF THE RAIL.

The Daily Budget of News as it is Gathered From the Busy Centers of the City.

A fellow is under arrest at Andrews for stealing a keg of beer from a box car.

The car wheel department of the Pittsburg shops is now working nine hours a day.

Joseph Richards has resigned his position as foreman at the Olds wheel works.

Richard Renfrew has taken a position at the Jenney Electric Light works.

Several of the men in the Pittsburg shops are off duty to-day on account of illness.

C. F. Cook, formerly of the Pittsburg shops, has taken a position at the electric light works.

Will Noble, clerk at the Bass works, left for Greenville, O., last evening to spend a few days.

Eugene Taylor has been promoted to a position as foremen at the Jenney Electric Light works.

John Lysle, of the Bass blacksmith shops, has returned from Ohio and resumed his duties this morning.

William Driftmeyer, of the Jenney Electric Light works, has gone to Wisconsin in the interest of his company.

Mr. A. Hamilton, machinist in the Pittsburg shops, moved into his new residence on Holman street, yesterday.

William Wolford, machinist in the Pittsburg shops, has received a lucrative offer to go to Carlin, Nev., to accept a situation.

There was a lively fight at the Olds wheel works yesterday between two of the prominent employes and one of them was "used up" pretty badly.

The Jenny Electric light company during the past few days shipped an arc plant of 150 lights to Little Rock, Ark., and an arc plant of thirty lights to Pittsburg.

Instead of five engines being in the erecting department of the Pittsburg shops for repairs, as mentioned in yesterday's Sentinel, the number should have read fifteen.

The organization of a company which will build and equip a road from South Bend, Ind., to St. Joseph, Mich., has been perfected. The line has been surveyed and contracts for grading will be let next week.

To-day closes one of the hottest weeks that the workingmen of this city have experienced this season and it is remarkable that it has been passed without any sun stroke or exhaustion from the heat being reported from the shops.

The Lake Shore road is making extensive improvements on its stations on the western divisions, among other things removing the old wooden platforms and substituting gravel concrete, expecting that it will be much more durable.

The Pennsylvania base ball club played a game of ball this afternoon with the Baker street club. One of the features of the game was the playing of George Scott, who is an excellent base ballist and talks of joining the Chicago's.

Thomas O'Brien, late master car builder on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis road, on Aug. 1 accepted a similar position on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, with office at Galion, O. James Swan succeeds Mr. O'Brien on the Pennsylvania lines.

There will be a democratic pole raising to-night in the First ward and among the speakers will be Martin Ankenbruck, Anthony and Joseph Luley and Foreman Frank Finke, of the Bass foundry. The boys in the Bass works are interested in this event and will turn out a full force.

The men in the moulding rooms at the Bass works have extended an invitation to our reporter to visit them in the afternoon when they are engaged in their regular casting, but we have declined the invitation with thanks, as the temperature of their apartments is entirely too hot on such occasions for a newspaper reporter. Ninety-five in the shade is warm enough, but the moulders tells us they frequently work at casting in the afternoon when an ordinary thermometer is unable to register the heat.

There are over ninety thousand railroad men who are members of some of the mutual benefit associations which have been established in this country. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have the largest membership, that of the locomotive engineers come second and the conductors' association third. Then there is the brakemen's, the yardmasters', the switchmen's and numerous other railroad men's associations more local in their character. All of these associations are established to benefit the membership if injured by accident, and their families, should they meet with fatal accidents. There is no class of men in any special industry that so well care for their fraternity as do the railroad men.

The Dead and Diseases of the Month.

Mortuary report commencing July 1, 1888, and ending July 31, 1888: Blood poison, 1; cancer, 1; cholera infantum, 20; cholera morbus, 1; congestion of the lung, 1; congestion of the brain, 1; convulsions, 5; consumption, 2; dropsy, 1; exhaustion, 5; inflammation of bowels, 1; marasmus, 1; malarial fever, 1; meningitis, 4; old age, 2; pneumonia, 2; paralysis, 1; suicide, 1; suffocation, 1. Total, 52.

Age of decedents: Under 1 year, 34; from 10 to 20 years, 1; from 20 to 40 years, 8; from 40 to 60 years, 3; from 60 to 70 years, 3; from 70 to 80 years, 2.

Nativity: Americans, 44; Germans, 6; Canadian, 1; Irish, 1.

Sex: Males, 31; females, 21.

Single, 45; married, 6; widowed, 1.

Samuel C. Metcalf, Health Officer.

Warning!

Remember during this hot weather you want to prevent drinking too much water and keep some other drinks in the house to prevent so much sickness, and as ale and porter is very highly recommended during the hot season, we recommend the great and only Ale House in this city for your ales and porter, as Mr. Christen has reduced the price of Carling Ale and Porter from $1.75 to $1.50 per dozen quarts to reach all. Also you must remember that you need a [illegible] drink so [illegible]

WHERE WILL YOU WORSHIP?

Glance Your Eye Over This List and Attend Divine Services at Some Church To-morrow.

Simpson M. E. Church.—Preaching by Pastor C. H. Wilkinson, at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Services at the First U. B. church of East Lewis street to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. J. P. Stewart, pastor.

Services at the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. J. M. Fulton, pastor. All invited.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., to-morrow. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Come, old and young. John Harden, pastor.

As to-morrow will be very hot, Pastor Northrop will preach only twenty-two minutes at the morning service and twenty-five at the 8 o'clock service. Come and welcome.

Berry street M. E. church. Short services to-morrow. Theme at 10:30 a. m., "Christian Adulthood." Evening theme, "Atheism." Class meeting and Sunday school at 9 a. m. All invited.

Services at the Evangelical church, corner of Clinton and Holman streets, at the usual hours. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m. German at morning service and English in the evening. Rev. Miller, pastor.

The Sabbath services at the chapel of the Y. M. C. A., at the usual hour, 4:30, will be conducted by Rev. J. P. Loyd, and for this occasion ladies and gentlemen are invited. The services will be very interesting.

Regular men's meeting at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. rooms, No. 245 Calhoun street, at 3 p. m., standard time. A men's praise service, with plenty of singing and instrumental music. All men cordially invited.

Christian church, corner of Jefferson and Griffith streets. Preaching by the pastor, M. L. Blaney, at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Morning theme, "The Source of Life;" evening, "The Means of Obtaining Life."

Preaching at the St. Paul M. E. church to-morrow morning and evening. The services in the morning and evening will be interesting and a cordial invitation is extended to the public. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon. M. C. Cooper, pastor.

All will find a welcome at the services of the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning and evening. Topic in the morning, "Our Lord's Need." Matters of special interest will claim the attention of the members of Grace church at the service to-morrow morning. A. K. Zartman, pastor.

Rev. R. M. Barns, having returned from his vacation, will preach to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m., in his own pulpit, at the Wayne Street M. E. church, the subject for the morning discourse being "Typical Manhood." General class at 9.30 a. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. All are most cordially invited.

Father Krœger's Anniversary.

The Logansport *Journal* says: "The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Father Krœger to the priesthood was celebrated at St. Bridgets, yesterday morning. Much to the regret of all, Bishop Dwenger was not able to be present. Father Campion presided, and Prof. J. Goring, of Huntington, was chorister. Father Walters, of Lafayette, delivered the address. He paid an eloquent tribute to the high and excellent qualities of Father Krœger. Among the many presents received by the Rev. Father were a vestment costing $125 and a gold watch. The latter was presented in a happy speech by Mr. P. D. Smith."

A Trinidadian Hotel.

Leaving Port of Spain, one evening, we steamed down the gulf in a stumpy little boat to San Fernando, and took up our night's quarters in a quaint hotel overhanging the sea, kept by a colored woman, who was herself a curiosity. We were introduced with much ceremony by Mr. Johnstone, and Mrs. Glasson promptly told us how much better off we were under her wing than in the other hotel. "It is kept by a mizzable nigga, sah. I keep hotel for de superiorities, and dat ar man for de inferiorities." With which compliment she proceeded to serve a dubious dinner, hovering about us all the time like a hen looking after her chickens.—*Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson, in the American Magazine for August.*

Base Ball.

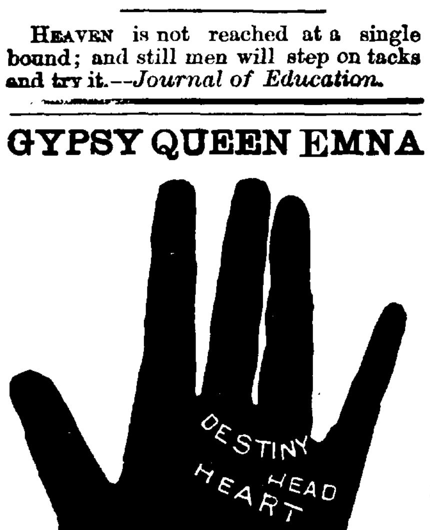
The following is the result of yesterday afternoon's games:

National League—Chicago, 5; Indianapolis, 4. Washington, 2; Philadelphia, 3. Boston, 6; New York, 9.

American Association—Athletics, 13; Louisville, 1. Baltimore, 2; Kansas City, 3. Cincinnati, 8; Cleveland, 9.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound; and still men will step on tacks and try it.—*Journal of Education.*

GYPSY QUEEN EMNA



FORTUNE TELLER!

The Celebrated Medium, Astrologer, [illegible]

Mr. E. G. Smedly's Memorial Sermon.

Rev. J. P. Loyd will deliver a discourse on topics suggested by the life and death of the late E. G. Smedly, at the Y. M. C. A. chapel at 4 p. m. city time, to-morrow. Members of Post A and all visiting commercial travellers are requested to meet at the Business Mens' Exchange at 3:30 p. m. city time, and attend the services in a body.

The funeral of the late E. G. Smedly, is in progress as we go to press. The pall bearers selected are W. Ainsworth, Toledo, Adam Link, R. D. Hudgel, W. L. Carnahan, Frank Alderman, Frank Caswell and H. V. Root. Mr. James Smedly, of Brooklyn, a brother of the deceased, accompanied by his wife, arrived here last evening to attend the funeral.

The coming railroad and factory fair is the talk of the town. Ladies representing the different railroad companies, Bass' foundry, Olds' wheel and wagon works and the electric light works are busily organizing and if we mistake not this will discount all the fairs ever given in Fort Wayne.

Always Keep an Egg at Hand.

Strange things are sometimes heard on the elevated railroad trains, but it is seldom that a conversation overheard is interesting and beneficial as well. It was reserved for a reporter of the New York *Mail and Express*, however, to discover that such a thing could be, and the discovery was made in this way. It was on a crowded car at Thirty-fourth street. An old lady was talking with a young woman.

"Well, Mary Jenkins," remarked the former, "did I ever! Why, Molly, I hain't seen you for almost a year. 'Spose you're keepin' house? Yes, I thought so. Well, Molly, don't forget to always keep an egg in the house. You can do without your pianner and y' neeedn't be over particular 'bout a carpet for the front room, but y' can't 'ford to be without eggs."

"Well," returned Molly, "Jim and I have thus far managed to have a piano, carpets, and eggs as well. But why do you lay such stress on keeping eggs at hand? One must be without them occasionally."

"Never do it, Molly; an egg is worth its weight in gold. 'Sposin' you're warm and fan yourself, or cookin' crullers and the grease spatters up an' scalds you, the white of an egg is the most soothin' thing you can put on it. If you're choppin' kindlin's and bark your fingers, nothin' like egg. 'Sposin' Jim gets a Job comforter, that little skin that lines the inside of an egg 'el do more in one day than all the bread and milk, flax seed and soap and sugar poultices or cobbler's wax you could use in a week. For cleanin' your flat irons and makin 'em smooth use the yolk of the egg, and for riddin' your head o' dander—well, Molly, there hain't nothin' to compare with it. For corns and bunions nothin' is so coolin' as the white of an egg. For toothache it can't be beat, while in cases of dysentery I don't want no other medicine. Beaten up slightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at one gulp, it helps to allay the inflammation of the stomach and the intestines, and finally brings you around all right. If you don't want to drown love's young dream in a cup of muddy coffee, use eggs to clear it—and, Molly, do you know anythin' in the world so good in cases of poisonin' as the white of eggs? I guess you don't. Then consider the value of eggs in——"

The rest of the old lady's lecture on eggs was lost, for at this juncture the guard called out, "Chatham square, change for City Hall and Brooklyn bridge; this train goes to South Ferry!"

To Whom it May Concern.

Parties having Flannel Shirts, Coats, Pants, Vests or suitings of any description to wash cannot do better than to patronize Troy Steam Laundry. All this class of washing is done with condensed water, perfectly pure and soft, and we guarantee as little fulling or shrinking as is possible to woolen garments, done at home or elsewhere. Wagon will answer telephone No. 160.

Very truly, F. L. Jones & Co.
4-3t

The sixth annual excursion via the Nickel Plate to Niagara Falls, will leave Valparaiso, Ind., and intermediate stations, on Monday, August 13th, 1888. Excursion tickets will be sold at the same low rate offered on former annual excursions, good going on regular train to Cleveland or on special excursion train on same date.

Excursionists holding tickets to Niagara Falls via Nickel Plate, on excursion of August 13th, will be permitted to visit Chautauqua Lake free of charge.

Says Sam Jones: "Thank God it is no crime to be ugly. When God wants a good woman He makes her as symmetrical as an angel, but when he wants a good man He makes him as ugly as a mud fence. I never saw a pretty man yet who was worth killing."

We Still Conitnue

TO GIVE YOU

The -:- Choice

—OF ANY—

STRAW HAT!

IN OUR HOUSE FOR

ONE -:- DOLLAR!

All of our $3, $2.50 and $2 Straw Hats are included in this sale.

Your Choice for $1

To Accommodate

People who cannot trade during the day, and at the urgent request of many of our patrons, our store will be open evenings from and after Saturday evenings, August 4. Closed Sundays as usual,

C. O. D.

Three Stores

73, 75 AND 77 CALHOUN STREET.

POLITICAL.

Congressional Convention.

The democratic congressional convention for the Twelfth district will be held at Kendallville, Ind., on Thursday, August 9, 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for congress from the Twelfth congressional district of Indiana.

In the convention Allen county will be entitled to 44 votes; DeKalb county, 14 votes; Lagrange county, 7 votes; Noble county, 14 votes; Steuben county, 7 votes, and Whitley county, 12 votes.

George W. Loar,
Chairman Twelfth District Congressional Committee.

Cheap Excursion to Niagara Falls by the Wabash.

The promised cheap excursion to Niagara Falls over the Wabash railway, will leave by special train, Tuesday, August 14, via Toledo and the Michigan Central railroad. The round trip rate from Fort Wayne will be only $5.00. Tickets will be good going on special train of August 14th, to return at any time within five days after day of sale. A special train will also be run, leaving Niagara Falls at 9 p. m. on August 16th. Ample time is thus afforded, with privilege of returning at any time within the five days limit. The splendid train service of the Wabash will make the trip one of continuous enjoyment. Information as to time of the special train, sleeping car accommodations, etc., can be obtained of any ticket agent of the Wabash, or by addressing H. K. Gregory, Trav. Pass. and Excur. Agent, Danville, Ill., or R. G. Thompson, P. and T. A. 24-tf

Passengers to Niagara Falls via the Nickel Plate excursion, Aug. 13th, desiring to visit friends en route will be granted stop over privileges at Buffalo or intermediate stations west of Buffalo by making application to excursion agent on the going trip east bound.

On special excursion via Nickel Plate to Niagara Falls, August 13th, tickets will be offered for sale on train to Toronto and return, $1.00 extra. Thousand Islands and return for $5.00.

Attention, Republicans!

The Wabash railway will sell tickets to Indianapolis on the occasion of the state republican convention, August 7 and 8, good to return until August 9, at the extremely low rate of $2.00 for the round trip. 2-6t

On the sixth annual Nickel Plate excursion to Niagara Falls, Aug. 13th, no pains will be spared to retain the past reputation of affording the patrons of that line every consistent advantage to be obtained on such occasions.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. mar-17-1y

A KIND WORD

—TO—

All -:- Interested!

If you want any plumbing,

If you want it done well,

If you want it done reasonable,

If you want it done by practical men,

call on

MADDEN & COX,

Next Door the Y. M. C. A. Building.